

She wou'd if She cou'd

*Am. A. Lillington*

# COMEDY.

ACTED AT HIS HIGHNESS

THE

Duke of York's  
THEATER.

---

WRITTEN

By GEORGE ETHEREGE Esq;

---

In the *AVOY*:

Printed by T.N. for H. Herringman, at the Sign of  
the *Blew Anchor* in the Lower-walk of  
the *New Exchange*. 1671.

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## Dramatis Personæ.

*Sir Oliver Cockwood* }  
    *and* } *Two Country Knights.*  
*Sir Joslin Jolley,* }  
*Mr. Courtall* }  
    *and* } *Two honest Gentlemen of the Town.*  
*Mr. Freeman,* }  
*My Lady Cockwood.*  
*Ariana and* } *Two young Ladies, Kinswomen of Sir Joslin*  
*Gatty,* } *Jollies.*  
*Mrs. Sentry, My Lady Cockwoods Gentlewoman.*  
*Mrs. Gazette* }  
    *and* } *Two Exchange-Women.*  
*Mrs. Trincket,* }  
*Mr. Rake-hell, A Knight of the Industry.*  
*Thomas, Sir Oliver Cockwoods Man.*  
*A Servant belonging to Mr. Courtal.*  
*Waiters, Fiddlers, and other Attendants.*

Dramatis Personæ.

Sir Oliver Cockwood }  
 and }  
 Sir John Jolly }  
 Mr. Council }  
 and }  
 Mr. Fiddlers }  
 My Lady Cockwood }  
 Ariana and two young ladies, daughters of Sir John }  
 Garry }  
 Mrs. Scary, My Lady Cockwood's Gentlewoman. }  
 Mrs. Gazette }  
 and }  
 Mrs. Trickett }  
 Mr. Rake-hell, A Knight of the Industry. }  
 Thomas, Sir Oliver Cockwood's Man. }  
 A Servant belonging to Mr. Council. }  
 Waiters, Fishers, and other Attendants. }

(\*)



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## ACT I. SCENE I.

### A Dining-Room.

*Enter Courtal and Freeman, and a Servant  
brushing Courtal.*

*Court.* SO, so, 'tis well; let the Coach be made ready.

*Serv.* It shall, Sir.

[*Ex. Servant.*]

*Court.* Well, *Frank*, what is to be done to day?

*Free.* Faith, I think we must e'en follow the old Trade; eat well, and prepare our selves with A Bottle or two of good *Burgundy*, that our Old acquaintance may look lovely in our Eyes; For, for ought as I see, there is no hopes of new.

*Court.* Well! this is grown a wicked Town, it was Otherwise in my memory, a Gentleman Should not have gone out of his Chamber, But some Civil Officer or other of the Game Wou'd have been with him, and have given him Notice where he might have had a course or Two in the Afternoon.

*Free.* Truly, a good motherly woman of my acquaintance T'other day, talking of the fine of the times, Told me, with Tears in her Eyes, that there are a Company of Higling Rascals, who partly For themselves, but more especially for some Secret friends, daily forestal the Markets; Nay, and that many Gentlemen who formerly had

B

Been

(a)

Been Persons of great worth and honor, are of late,  
For some private Reasons, become their own  
Purveyors, to the utter decay and discouragement  
Of Trade and Industry.

*Cour.* I know there are some wary Merchants,  
Who never trust their business to a Factor;  
But for my part, I hate the *Fatigue*, and had  
Rather be bound to back my own Colts, and man  
My own Hawks, than endure the impertinencies  
Of bringing a young Wench to the Lure.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, there is a Gentlewoman below desires to  
Speak with you.

*Cour.* Ha *Freeman*, this may be some lucky  
Adventure.

*Serv.* She ask'd me, if you were alone.

*Cour.* And did not you say Ay?

*Serv.* I told her, I would go see.

*Cour.* Go, go down quickly, and tell her I am,  
*Franck*; prithee let me put thee into this  
Closet a while.

*Free.* Why, may not I see her?

*Cour.* On my life, thou shalt have fair play, and  
Go halves, if it be a purchase that may with  
Honor be divided; you may over-hear all:  
But for decency sake, in, in man.

*Free.* Well, good Fortune attend thee.

*Enter Mistress Sentry.*

*Cour.* *Mistress Sentry*, this is a happiness  
Beyond my expectation.

*Sent.* Your humble Servant, Sir.

*Cour.* I hope your Lady's come to Town?

*Sent.* Sir *Oliver*, my Lady, and the whole Family.  
Well! we have had a sad time in the Countrey:  
My Lady's so glad, she's come to enjoy the freedom  
Of this place again, and I dare say longs to have  
The happiness of your company.

*Cour.* Did she send you hither?

*Sent.* Oh no, if she should but know that I did such a  
Confident trick, she wou'd think me a good one

I faith;

Pfaith ; the Zeal I have to serve you, made me Venture to call in my way to the Exchange, To tell you the good news, and to let you know our Lodgings are in *James-street* at the Black-Polls, Where we lay the last Summer.

*Conr.* Indeed it is very obligingly done.

*Sent.* But I must needs desire you to tell my Lady, That you came to the knowledge of this by some Lucky chance or other ; for I would not be discovered For a World.

*Conr.* Let me alone, I warrant thee.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir *Oliver Cockwood*, Sir, is come to wait on you

*Sent.* O Heaven ! my Master ! my Lady, and my self Are both undone, undone——

*Conr.* 'Sdeath, why did you not tell him I was busie ?

*Sent.* For Heavens sake, Mr. *Courtsal*, what shall I do ?

*Conr.* Leave, leave trembling, and creep into the Wood-hose here *[She goes into the Wood-hole]*

*Enter Sir Oliver.*

*Conr.* Sir *Oliver Cockwood* ! *[Embraces him.]*

*Sir Oliv.* Honest Ned *Courtsal*, by my troth I think Thou tak'st me for a pretty Wench, thou Hug'st me so very close and heartily.

*Conr.* Qnely my joy to see you, Sir *Oliver*, and to Welcome you to Town.

*Sir Oliv.* Methinks, indeed, I have been an age absent, But I intend to redeem the time ; and how, and how Stand Affairs, prithee now ? Is the Wine good ? Are the Women kind ?

Well, faith, a Man had better be a vagabond In this Town, than a Justice of Peace in the Countrey : I was e'en grown a Sot for want Of Gentleman like Recreations ; if a Man Do but rap out an Oath, the people stare As if a Gun went off ; and if once chance But to couple himself with his Neighbors Daughter, without the help of the Parson of The Parish, and leave a little testimony of



His kindness behind him, there is presently  
Such an uproar, that a poor man is fain to  
Fly his Country; as for drunkenness, 'tis true,  
It may be us'd without scandal, but the drink  
Is so abominable, that a man would forbear it,  
For fear of being made out of love with the vice.

*Court.* I see, *Sir Oliver*, you continue still your old  
Humor, and are resolv'd to break your sweet  
Ladies heart.

*Sir Oliver.* You do not think me sure so barbarously  
Unkind, to let her know all this; no, no, these  
Are secrets fit onely to be trusted to such  
Honest fellows as thou art.

*Court.* Well may I, poor Sinner, be excus'd, since  
A Woman of such rare beauty, such incomparable  
Parts, and of such an unblemish'd  
Reputation, is not able to reclaim you from  
These wilde courses, *Sir Oliver*.

*Sir Oliver.* To say the truth, She is a Wife that no man  
Need be asham'd of *Ned*.

*Court.* I vow, *Sir Oliver*, I must needs blame you,  
Considering how tenderly she loves you.

*Sir Oliver.* Ay, ay, the more is her misfortune, and mine  
Too *Ned*: I would willingly give thee a pair  
Of the best Coach Horses in my Stable, so  
Thou could'st but perswade her to love me  
Less.

*Court.* Her vertue, and my friendship, sufficiently  
Secure you against that, *Sir Oliver*.

*Sir Oliver.* I know thou wert never married; but has it  
Never been thy misfortune to have a Mistress  
Love thee thus entirely?

*Court.* It never has been my good fortune, *Sir Oliver*.  
But why do you ask this question?

*Sir Oliver.* Because then, perchance, thou might'st have  
Been a little sensible what a damn'd trouble it is.

*Court.* As how, *Sir Oliver*.

*Sir Oliver.* Why look thee, thus: For a man cannot be  
Altogether ungrateful, sometimes one is oblig'd  
To kifs, and fawn, and toy, and lie fooling an hour  
Or two, when a man had rather, if it were not for  
The disgrace sake, stand all that while in the Pillory

Paused

Pauld with Rotten Eggs and Oranges.

*Court.* This is a very hard case indeed, Sir *Oliver*.

*Sir Oliver.* And then the inconvenience of keeping Regular hours; but above all, that damn'd fiend *Jealousie* does so possess these Passionate Lovers, That I protest *Ned*, Under the Rest he is spoken, If I chance to be a little prodigal in my expence On a private friend or so, I am call'd to so strict An account at night, that for quietness sake I am Often forc'd to take a Dose of Cantharides to Make up the sum.

*Court.* Indeed, Sir *Oliver*, every thing consider'd, You are not so much to be envy'd as one may Rashly imagine.

*Sir Oliver.* Well, a Pox of this tying Man and Woman Together, for better, for worse! Upon my Conscience, It was but a trick that the Clergy might have A feeling in the Cause.

*Court.* I do not conceive it to be much for their Profit, Sir *Oliver*, for I dare lay a good wager, Let them but allow Christian Liberty, and they Shall get ten times more by Christnings, Than they are likely to lose by Marriages.

*Sir Oliver.* Faith, thou hast hit it right, *Ned*; and now Thou talk'st of Christian Liberty, prethee let us Dine together to day, and be swingingly merry, But with all secrecy.

*Court.* I shall be glad of your good company, Sir *Oliver*.

*Sir Oliver.* I am to call on a very honest Fellow, whom I left here hard by making a visit, Sir *Justin Jolly*, A Kinsman of my Wives, and my Neighbor in the Country: We call Brothers, he came up to Town With me, and lodgeth in the same House; he has Brought up a couple of the prettiest Kinswomen, Heiresses of a very good Fortune: Would thou Hadst the instructing of 'em a little. Faith, if I am not very much mistaken, They are very prone to the study of the Mathematicks.

*Court.* I shall be beholding to you for so good an Acquaintance.

*Sir Oliver.* This Sir *Justin* is in great favor with my

Lady,

Lady, one that she has an admirable good  
Opinion of; and will trust me with him  
Any where; but to say truth, he is as arrant  
A sinner as the best of us; and will boggle at  
Nothing that becomes a Man of Honor.  
We will go and get leave of my Lady;  
For it is not fit I should break out so soon  
Without her approbation *Ned*.

*Cour.* By no means, *Sir Oliver*.

*Sir Oliver.* Where shall we meet about an hour hence?

*Cour.* At the French-house, or the Bear.

*Sir Oliver.* At the French-house by all means.

*Cour.* Agreed, agreed.

*Sir Oliver.* Would thou could'st bring a fourth man.

*Cour.* What think you of *Franck Fretman*?

*Sir Oliver.* There cannot be a better — well —

Servant *Ned*, Servant *Ned*!

[Exit *Sir Oliver*.]

*Cour.* Your Servant, *Sir Oliver*.

*Mistress Sentry*!

*Sentry in the hole.* Is he gone?

*Cour.* Ay, Ay! You may venture to bost now.

*Sentry crawling out.* Oh Heavens! I would not  
Endure such another fright.

*Cour.* Come, come, prethee be compos'd.

*Sentry.* I shall not be my self again this fortnight;  
I never was in such a taking days of my life.

To have been found false, and to one who to  
Say truth, has been always very kind

And civil to me; but above all, I was concern'd  
For my Ladies Honor —

*Cour.* Come, come — there's no harm done.

*Sentry.* Ah! *Mr. Courtall*, you do not know *Sir Oliver*  
So well as I do, he has strange humors sometimes,  
And has it enough in's Nature to play the  
Tyrant, but that my Lady and my self, aw him  
By our Policy.

*Cour.* Well, well, all's well. Did you not hear  
What a taring Blade *Sir Oliver* is?

*Sentry.* Ah! 'tis a vile dissembling Man. How fairly  
ries it to my Ladies face! But I dare not  
He caver him, for fear of betraying my self.

*Discor.* Well, *Mistress Sentry*, I must dine with 'em,

*Cour.*

And

And after I have enter'd them with a Beer-glass  
Or two; if I can I will slip away; and pay my  
Respects to your Lady.

*Sentry.* You need not question your welcome,  
I assure you, Sir — your Servant, Sir.

*Cour.* Your Servant Mistress *Sentry*, I am very sensible  
Of this Favor, I assure you.

*Sentry.* I am proud it was in my pow'r to oblige you,  
Sir.

[*Exit Sentry.*]

*Cour. Freeman!* Come, come out of thy hole; how  
Hast thou been able to contain?

*Free.* Faith much ado, the Scene was very pleasant:  
But above all, I admire thy impudence,  
I could never have had the face to have wheedl'd  
The poor Knight so.

*Cour.* Pish, pish, 'twas both necessary and honest:  
We ought to do all we can to confirm a  
Husband in the good opinion of his Wife.

*Free.* Pray how long, if, without offence, a Man may  
Ask you; Have you been in good grace with this Person  
Of Honor? I never knew you had that  
Commendable quality of Secresie before.

*Cour.* You are mistaken, *Freeman*, things go not  
As you wickedly imagine.

*Free.* Why, hast thou lost all sense of modesty?  
Do'st thou think to pass these gross wheedles on  
Me too? Come, come, this good news should make  
Thee a little merrier. Faith, though she be an old  
Acquaintance, she has the advantage of Four or five  
Moneths absence. 'Slid, I know not how proud  
You are, but I have thought my self very spruce  
Ere now in an old Suit, that has been brush'd  
And laid up a while.

*Cour. Freeman,* I know in cases of this nature thou  
Art an Infidel; but yet methinks the knowledge  
Thou hast of my sincere dealing with my  
Friends should make thee a little more confiding.

*Free.* What devilish Oath could she invent to  
Fright thee from a discovery?

*Cour.* Wilt thou believe me, if I swear, the preservation  
Of her honor, has been my fault, and not hers?

*Free.* This is something.

*Cour.*

*Conr.* Why then, know that I have still been as careful to prevent all opportunities, as she has been to contrive 'em; and still have carried it to like a Gentleman, that there has not had the least insinuation Of unkindness. She is the very spirit of impudence, So foolishly fond and troublesome, that no man above Sixteen is able to endure her.

*Free.* Why did you engage thus far then?

*Conr.* Some conveniences which I had by my Acquaintance with the Son her Husband, made Me extraordinary civil to her, which presently By her Ladiship was interpreted after the manner Of the most obliging Women. This Wench came Hither by her Commission to day.

*Free.* With what confidence she deny'd it!

*Conr.* Nay, that's never wanting, I assure you: Now is it expected I should lay by all other Occasions, and watch every opportunity to wait Upon her; she would by her good will give her Lover no more rest, than a young Squire that Has newly set up a Coach, does his onely pair of Horses.

*Free.* Faith, if it be as thou say'st, I cannot much Blame the hardness of thy heart. But did Not the Oaf talk of two young Ladies?

*Conr.* Well remembered, *Franck*, and now I think On't, 'twill be very necessary to carry on my business With the old one, that we may the better have An opportunity of being acquainted with them. Come, let us go and bespeak dinner, and by the Way consider of these weighty affairs.

*Free.* Well, since there is but little ready money Stirring, rather then want entertainment, I shall be contented to play a while upon Tick.

*Conr.* And I, provided they promise fair, and we find There's hopes of payment hereafter.

*Free.* Come along, come along,

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE



## SCENE II.

*Sir Oliver Cockwood's Lodging.**Enter Lady Cockwood.*

*La. Cock.* 'Tis too late to repent: I sent her, but yet  
I cannot but be troubled to think she stays so long:  
Sure, if she has a little gratitude to let him, he has  
More honor then to attempt any thing to the  
Prejudice of my affection—— Oh——*Sentry*, are you come?

*Enter Sentry.*

*Sent.* Oh Madam! there has been such an accident!

*La. Cock.* Prithee do not fright me, Wench——

*Sent.* As I was discoursing with *Mr. Courtal*, in came  
*Sir Oliver*.

*La. Cock.* Oh! —— I'm ruin'd —— undone for ever!

*Sent.* You'll still be sending me on these desperate  
Errands.

*La. Cock.* I am betray'd, betray'd —— by this  
False —— what shall I call thee?

*Sent.* Nay, but Madam —— have a little patience ——

*La. Cock.* I have lost all patience, and will never  
More have any ——

*Sent.* Do but hear me, all is well ——

*La. Cock.* Nothing can be well, unfortunate Woman.

*Sent.* *Mr. Courtal* thrust me into the Wood-hole.

*La. Cock.* And did not *Sir Oliver* see thee?

*Sent.* He had not the least glimpse of me ——

*La. Cock.* Dear *Sentry* —— and what good news?

*Sent.* He intends to wait upon you in the  
Afternoon, Madam ——

*La. Cock.* I hope you did not let him know I sent you.

*Sent.* No, no, Madam —— I'll warrant you I did every  
Thing much to the advantage of your Honor.

*La. Cock.* Ah *Sentry*! if we could but think of some  
Lucky plot now to get *Sir Oliver* out of the way.

*Sent.* You need not trouble your self about that,  
Madam, he has engag'd to dine with *Mr. Courtal* at the

C

French.

French-house, and is bringing Sir *Joslin Jolly* to get Your good will; when Mr. *Cornwall* has fix'd 'em With a Beer-glass or two, he intends to steal Away, and pay his Devotion to your Ladiship.

*La. Cock.* Truly he is a person of much Worth And Honor.

*Sent.* Had you but been there, Madam, to have Over-heard Sir *Oliver's* Discourse, he would have Made you blest your self; there is not such another Wild Man in the Town; all his talk was of Wenching, and swearing, and drinking, and tearing.

*La. Cock.* Ay, Ay, *Sentry*; I know he'll talk of Strange matters behind my back; but if he be not An abominable Hypocrite at home, and I am not a Woman easily to be deceived, he is not able To play the Spark abroad thus, I assure you.

*Enter Sir Oliver, and Sir Joslin, Sir Joslin singing.*

My dearest Dear, this is kindly done of thee  
To come home agen thus quickly.

*Sir Oliver.* Nay, my Dear, thou shalt never have any Just cause to accuse me of unkindness.

*La. Cock.* Sir *Joslin*, now you are a good man, and I shall trust you with Sir *Oliver* agen.

*Sir Jos.* Nay, if I ever break my word with a Lady, I will be deliver'd bound to Mistress *Sentry* here, And she shall have leave to carve me for a Capon.

*Sent.* Do you think I have a heart cruel enough For such a bloody execution?

*Sir Jos.* Kindly spoke i' faith, Girl, I'll give thee A bus for that. *Kisses her.*

*La. Cock.* Fy, fy, Sir *Joslin*, this is not seemly in my Presence.

*Sir Jos.* We have all our failings, Lady, and this is Mine: A right bred Grey-hound can as well forbear Running after a Hare, when he sees her, as I can Mumbling a pretty Wench when she comes in my way.

*La. Cock.* I have heard indeed you are a parlous man, Sir *Joslin*.

*Sir Jos.* I seldom brag, Lady, but for a true Cock of The Game, little *Joslin* dares match with the best of 'em.

Sir

*Sir Oliv.* Sir *Joslin's* merry, my Dear.

*La. Cock.* Ay, Ay, if he should be wicked, I know  
Thou art too much a Gentleman to offer an injury  
To thine own dear Lady.

*Sir Jos.* Faith, Madam, you must give my  
Brother *Cockwood* leave to dine abroad to day.

*La. Cock.* I protest, Sir *Joslin*, you begin to make  
Me hate you too; well, you are e'en grown as bad  
As the worst of 'em, you are still robbing me of  
The sweet Society of Sir *Oliver*.

*Sir Jos.* Come, come, your Discipline is too  
Severe, i'faith Lady.

*La. Cock.* Sir *Oliver* may do what he pleases, Sir,  
He knows I have ever been his obedient Lady.

*Sir Oliv.* Prithee, my Dear, be not angry, Sir  
*Joseph* was so earnest in his invitation, that none  
But a Clown could have refus'd him.

*Sir Jos.* Ay, Ay, we dine at my Uncle Sir  
*Joseph Jolly's* Lady.

*La. Cock.* Will you be sure now to be a good  
Dear, and not drink, nor stay out late?

*Sir Jos.* I'll engage for all, and if there be no  
Harm in a merry Catch, or a waggish Story—

*Enter Ariana, and Mistress Gatty.*

Ha, ha! Sly-girl and Mad-cap, are you got up?  
I know what you have been meditating on;  
But never trouble your heads, let me  
Alone to bring you consolation.

*Gat.* We have often been beholding to you,  
Sir; for every time he's drunk, he brings us  
Home a couple of fresh Servants.

*Sir Oliv.* Well, farewell my Dear, Prithee do not  
Sigh thus, but make thee ready, visit, and be merry.

*La. Cock.* I shall receive most satisfaction  
In my Chamber.

*Sir Jos.* Come, come along, Brother: Farewel  
One and all, Lady and Sly-girl, Sly-girl and Mad-cap,  
Your servant, your servant—

[*Ex. Sir Oliver, and Sir Joslin singing.*]

*La. Cock.* To Sentry aside. Sentry, is the new Point I  
Bought, come home, and is every thing in a readiness?

*Sent.* Every thing, Madam.

*La Cock.* Come, come up quickly then, Girl, and Dress me.

*Ex. La. Cockwood and Sentry.*

*Aria.* Dost not thou wonder, *Gatty*, she should be So strangely fond of this Coxcomb?

*Gat.* Well, if she does not dissemble, may I still Be discover'd when I do; didst thou not see how Her countenance chang'd, as soon as ever their Backs were turn'd, and how earnestly she whispered With her Woman? there is some weighty affair In hand, I warrant thee: My dear *Ariana*, how Glad am I we are in this Town agen.

*Aria.* But we have left the benefit of the fresh Air, and the delight of wandring in the Pleasant Groves.

*Gat.* Very pretty things for a young Gentlewoman To bemoan the loss of indeed, that's newly come to a Relish of the good things of this world.

*Aria.* Very good, Sister!

*Gatty.* Why, hast not thou promis'd me a thousand Times, to leave off this demureness?

*Aria.* But you are so quick.

*Gatty.* Why, wou'd it not make any one mad to hear Thee bewail the loss of the Country? Speak But one grave word more, and it shall be my daily Prayers thou may'st have a jealous Husband, then You'll have enough of it I warrant you.

*Aria.* It may be, if your tongue be not altogether So nimble, I may be conformable: But I hope You do not intend we shall play such mad reaks As we did last Summer?

*Gatty.* 'Slife, do'st thou think we come here to be Mew'd up, and take onely the liberty of going from our Chamber to the Dining-Room, and from the Dining-Room to our Chamber again? and like a Bird in a Cage, with two Perches onely, to hop Up and down, up and down?

*Aria.* Well, thou art a mad Wench.

*Gatty.* Would'st thou never have us go to a Play But with our grave Relations, never take the air but With our grave Relations? to feed their pride, And make the world believe it is in their power

To

To afford some Gallant or other a good bargain?

*Aria.* But I am afraid we shall be known again.

*Gatty.* Pish! the men were onely acquainted with Our Vizards, and our Petticoats, and they are wore Out long since: How I envy that Sex! Well! We Cannot plague 'em enough when we have it in Our power for these priviledges which custom Has allow'd 'em above us.

*Aria.* The truth is, they can run and ramble here, And there, and every where, and we poor Fools Rather think the better of 'em.

*Gatty.* From one Play-house, to the other Play-house, And if they like neither the Play nor the Women, They seldom stay any longer than the combing Of their Perriwigs, or a whisper or two with a Friend; and then they cock their Caps, and out they Strut again.

*Adria.* But whatsoever we do, prithee now let us Resolve to be mighty honest.

*Gatty.* There I agree with thee.

*Adria.* And if we find the Gallants like lawless Subjects, who the more their Princes grant, The more they impudently crave.

*Gatty.* We'll become absolute Tyrants, and deprive 'Em of all the priviledges we gave 'em——

*Aria.* Upon these conditions I am contented to trail A Pike under thee—— March along Girl.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

### *The Mulberry-Garden.*

*Enter Countal and Freeman.*

*Count.* **W**As there ever a couple of Fops better match'd Than these two Knights are?

*Free.* They are Harp and Violin, Nature has so Tun'd 'em, as if she intended they should Always play the Fool in Confort.

*Count.*



*Court.* Now is Sir *Oliver* secure, for he dares not go Home 'till he's quite drunk, and then he grows Valiant, insults, and defies his sweet Lady; For which, with Prayers and Tears, he's forc'd To feign a bitter Repentance the next morning.

*Free.* What do we here idling in the Mulberry-Garden? Why do not we make this visit then?

*Court.* Now art thou as mad upon this trail, as if We were upon a hot scent.

*Free.* Since we know the bush, why do we not start The Game?

*Court.* Gently, good *Franck*: First know that the Laws Of Honor prescrib'd in such nice cases, will not Allow me to carry thee along with me; and next, Hast thou so little wit to think, that a discreet Lady that has had the experience of so much humane Frailty, can have so good an opinion of the constancy Of her servant, as to lead him into temptation?

*Free.* Then we must not hope her Ladiship should Make us acquainted with these Gentlewomen.

*Court.* Thou may'st as reasonably expect, that an old Rook should bring a young Snap acquainted With his Bubble; but advantages may be Hereafter made, by my admission into the Family.

*Free.* What is to be done then?

*Court.* Why, look you, thus I have contriv'd it: Sir *Oliver*, when I began to grow resty, that he Might incline me a little more to drunkenness, In my ear discover'd to me the humor of His dear friend Sir *Joslin*: He assur'd me, that When he was in that good natur'd condition, To requite their courtesie, he always carried The good company home with him, and Recommended them to his Kinswomen.

*Free.* Very good!

*Court.* Now after the fresh Air has breath'd on us A while, and expel'd the vapors of the Wine We have drunk, thou shalt return to these Two Sots, whom we left at the French-house, According to our promise, and tell 'em, I am a Little stay'd by some unlucky bus'ness, and Will be with 'em presently; thou wilt find 'em

Tir'd

Tir'd with long fight, weak and unable to observe  
 Their order; charge 'em briskly, and in a moment  
 Thou shalt rout 'em, and with little or no damage  
 To thy self, gain an absolute Victory.

*Free.* Very well!

*Court.* In the mean time, I will make my visit to the  
 Longing Lady, and order my business so  
 Handsomely, that I will be with thee again immediately.  
 To make an Experiment of the good humor of  
 Sir *Postin.*

*Free.* Let's about it.

*Court.* 'Tis yet too early, we must drill a way a little  
 Time here, that my excuses may be more probable,  
 And my persecution more tolerable.

*Enter Ariana and Gatty with Vizards, and pass  
 nimbly over the Stage.*

*Free.* Ha, Ha— How wantonly they trip it! there is  
 Temptation enough in their very Gate, to  
 Stir up the courage of an old Alderman:  
 Prithee let us follow 'em.

*Court.* I have been so often balk'd with these Vizard-  
 Masks, that I have at least a dozen times  
 Forsworn 'em; they are a most certain sign  
 Of an ill face, or what is worse, an old  
 Acquaintance.

*Free.* The truth is, nothing but some such weighty  
 Reason, is able to make women deny themselves  
 The pride they have to be seen.

*Court.* The Evening's fresh and pleasant, and yet  
 There is but little company.

*Free.* Our Course will be the better, these Deer  
 Cannot Herd: Come, come Man, let's follow.

*Court.* I find it is a meer folly to swear any  
 Thing, it does but make the Devil the more  
 Earnest in his temptation.

*They go after the Women.*

*Enter Women again, and cross the Stage.*

*Aria.* Now if these should prove two Men of War  
 That are cruising here, to watch for Prizes.

*Gatty.*

*Gatty.* Would they had courage enough to set upon us. I long to be engag'd.

*Aria* Look, look yonder, I protest they chase us.

*Gatty.* Let us bear away then; if they be truly valiant They'll quickly make more Sail, and board us.

*The Women go out, and go about behind the Scenes to the other Door.*

*Enter Courtal and Freeman.*

*Free.* 'sdeath, how fleet they are! whatsoever faults They have, they cannot be broken-winded.

*Court.* Sure, by that little mincing step they Shou'd be Country Fillies that have been breath'd At Course a Park, and Barly-Break: We shall Never reach 'em,

*Free.* I'll follow directly, do thou turn down the Cross-walk and meet 'em.

*Enter the Women, and after 'em Courtal at the lower Door, and Freeman, at the upper on the contrary side.*

*Court.* By your leave, Ladies——

*Gatty.* I perceive you can make bold enough Without it.

*Free.* Your servant, Ladies——

*Aria.* Or any other Ladies that will give themselves The trouble to entertain you.

*Free.* 'slife, their Tongues are as nimble as their Heels.

*Court.* Can you have so little good nature to dash A couple of bashful young men out of countenance, Who came out of pure love to tender You their service?

*Gatty.* 'Twere pity to baulk 'em, Sister.

*Aria.* Indeed, methinks, they look as if they never Had been flipp'd before.

*Free.* Yes faith, we have had many a fair Course In this Paddock, have been very well flesh'd, And dare boldly fasten.

*[They kiss their hands with a little force.]*

*Aria.* Well, I am not the first unfortunate Woman That has been forc'd to give her hand, where She never intends to bestow her heart.

*Gatty.*

*Gatty.* Now, do you think 'tis a Bargain already?

*Court.* Faith, would there were some lusty earnest  
Given, for fear we should unluckily break  
Off again.

*Free.* Are you so wild, that you must be hooded thus?

*Court.* Fy, fy, put off these scandals to all good faces.

*Gatty.* For your reputations sake we shall keep 'em  
On: 'Slife we should be taken for your Relations,  
If we durst shew our faces with you thus  
Publickly.

*Aria.* And what a shame that would be to a couple  
Of young Gallants! Methinks you should blush  
To think on't.

*Court.* These were pretty toys, invented, first, merely  
For the good of us poor Lovers to deceive  
The jealous, and to blind the malicious; but  
The proper use is so wickedly perverted,  
That it makes all honest men hate the  
Fashion mortally.

*Free.* A good face is as seldom cover'd with a Vizard-  
Mask, as a good Hat with an oyl'd Cafe:  
And yet on my Conscience, you are both  
Handsome.

*Court.* Do but remove 'em a little, to satisfy a foolish  
Scruple.

*Aria.* This is a just punishment you have brought  
Upon your selves, by that unpardonable  
Sin of talking.

*Gatty.* You can onely brag now of your acquaintance  
With a Farendon Gown, and a piece  
Of Black Velvet.

*Court.* The truth is, there are some vain fellows  
Whose loose behavior of late has given  
Great discouragement to the honorable proceedings  
Of all vertuous Ladies.

*Free.* But I hope you have more charity, than  
To believe us of the number of the wicked.

*Aria.* There's not a man of you to be trusted.

*Gatty.* What a shame is it to your whole Sex,  
That a Woman is more 'fit to be a Privy-  
Counsellor, than a young Gallant a Lover?

*Court.* This is a pretty kind of fooling, Ladies, for

Men that are idle, but you must bid a  
 Little fairer, if you intend to keep us  
 From our serious bus'ness.

*Gatty.* Truly you seem to be men of great  
 Employment, that are every moment raving from  
 The Eating-Houses to the Play-houses, from the  
 Play-houses to the Mulberry-Garden, that  
 Live in a perpetual hurry, and have little  
 Leisure for such an idle entertainment.

*Court.* Now would not I see thy face for the world;  
 If it should be but half so good as thy humor,  
 Thou would'st dangerously tempt me to dote  
 Upon thee, and forgetting all shame, become  
 Constant.

*Free.* I perceive, by your fooling here, that wit and  
 Good humor may make a man in love with  
 A Blackamoor. That the Devil should contrive  
 It so, that we should have earnest bus'ness now.

*Court.* Would they would but be so kind to meet us  
 Here again to-morrow.

*Gatty.* You are full of bus'ness, and 'twould but  
 Take you off of your employments.

*Aria.* And we are very unwilling to have the sin to  
 Answer for, of ruining a couple of such  
 Hopeful young men.

*Free.* Must we then despair?

*Aria.* The Ladies you are going to, will not be so  
 Hard-hearted.

*Court. to Free.* On my Conscience, they love us, and  
 Begin to grow jealous already.

*Free.* Who knows but this may prove the luckier  
 Adventure of the two?

*Court.* Come, come, we know you have a mind to  
 Meet us: We cannot see you blush, speak it out  
 Boldly.

*Gatty.* Will you swear then, not to visit any other  
 Women before that time?

*Aria.* Not that we are jealous, but because we would  
 Not have you tir'd with the impertinent  
 Conversation of our Sex, and come to us dull  
 And out of humor.

*Court.* Invent an Oath, and let it be so horrid  
 'Twould



\*Twould make an Atheist start to hear it.

*Free.* And I will swear is readily, that I will not.

So much as speak to a Woman, till I

Speak to you again,

*Gatty.* But are you troubl'd with that foolish

Scruple of keeping an Oath?

*Free.* O most religiously!

*Court.* And may we not enlarge our hopes upon a

Little better acquaintance?

*Aria.* You see all the freedom we allow.

*Gatty.* It may be we may be intreated to hear a

Fiddle, or mingle in a Country dance, or so.

*Court.* Well! we are in too desperate a condition

To stand upon Articles, and are resolv'd to

Yield on any terms.

*Free.* Be sure you be punctual now!

*Aria.* Will you be sure?

*Court.* Or else may we become a couple of credulous

Coxcombs, and be jilted ever after.

—Your servants, Ladies. *Ex. Men.*

*Aria.* I wonder what they think of us!

*Gatty.* You may easily imagine; for they are not of

A humor so little in fashion, to believe the best:

I assure you the most favorable opinion they can

Have, is, that we are still a little wild, and stand in

Need of better manning.

*Aria.* Prithee, dear Girl, what dost think of 'em?

*Gatty.* Faith so well, that I'm asham'd to tell thee.

*Aria.* Wou'd I had never seen 'em!

*Gatty.* Ha! Is it come to that already?

*Aria.* Prithee, let's walk a turn or two

More, and talk of 'em.

*Gatty.* Let us take care then we are not too particular

In their commendations, lest we should discover

We intrench upon one another's inclinations,

And so grow quarrelsome. *Exeunt.*

D 2011 10 25 10 00 SCENE

SCENE II. *Sir Oliver's Lodgings.**Enter Lady Cockwood and Sentry.*

*Sent.* Dear Madam, do not afflict your self thus  
Unreasonably ; I dare lay my life, it is not want  
Of devotion, but opportunity that stays him.

*La. Cock.* Ingrateful man ! To be so insensible  
Of a Ladies passion !

*Sent.* If I thought he were so wicked, I should  
Hate him strangely — But, Madam —

*La. Cock.* Do not speak one word in his behalf,  
I am resolv'd to forget him ; perfidious Mortal,  
To abuse so sweet an opportunity !

*Sent.* Hark, here is some body coming up stairs.

*La. Cock.* Peace, he may yet redeem his honor.

*Enter Courtal.*

*Court.* Your humble servant, Madam.

*La. Cock.* *Startling.* Mr. *Courtal*, for Heav'n sake  
How came you hither ?

*Court.* Guided by my good Fortune, Madam —  
Your servant, Mistress *Sentry*.

*Sent.* Your humble servant, Sir ; I protest you made  
Me start too, to see you come in thus unexpectedly.

*La. Cock.* I did not imagine it could be known  
I was in Town yet.

*Court.* Sir *Oliver* did me the favor to make me  
A visit, and dine with me to day, which brought  
Me to the knowledge of this happiness, Madam ;  
And as soon as I could possibly, I got the  
Freedom to come hither and enjoy it.

*La. Cock.* You have ever been extream obliging, Sir.

*Sent.* 'Tis a worthy Gentleman, how punctual  
He is to my directions !

*La. Cock.* Will you be pleas'd to repose, Sir ?  
*Sentry*, set some Chairs.

*Court.* With much difficulty, Madam, I broke  
Out of my company, and was forc'd by the  
Importunity of one Sir *Joshin Jolly*, I think they  
Call him, to engage my Honor I would

*Absc.**Exit Sentry.*

Re-

Return again immediately.

*La. Cock.* You must not so soon rob me  
Of so sweet a satisfaction.

*Court.* No consideration, Madam, could take  
Me from you, but that I know my stay at this  
Time must needs endanger your Honor; and how  
Often I have deny'd my self the greatest satisfaction  
In the world, to keep that unblemish'd, you  
Your self can witness.

*La. Cock.* Indeed I have often had great tryals  
Of your generosity, in those many misfortunes  
That have attended our innocent affections.

*Court.* Sir *Oliver*, Madam, before I did perceive  
It, was got near that pitch of drunkenness,  
Which makes him come reeling home, and  
Unmanfully insult over your Ladship; and how  
Subject he is then to injure you with an unjust  
Suspicion, you have often told me; which makes  
Me careful not to be surpris'd here.

*La. Cock.* Repose your self a little, but a little,  
Dear Sir: These virtuous Principles make you worthy to be  
Trusted with a Ladies Honor: Indeed Sir *Oliver*  
Has his failings; yet I protest, Mr. *Courtal*, I love  
Him dearly, but cannot be altogether unsensible  
Of your generous passion.

*Court.* Ay, Ay, I am a very Passionate Lover! *Aside.*  
Indeed this escape has onely given me leisure  
To look upon my happiness.

*La. Cock.* Is my Woman retir'd?

*Court.* Most dutifully, Madam.

*La. Cock.* Then let me tell you, Sir— yet we  
May make very good use of it.

*Court.* Now am I going to be drawn in agen. *Aside.*

*La. Cock.* If Sir *Oliver* be in that indecent condition  
You speak of, to morrow he will be very submissive,  
As it is meet for so great a misdemeanor; then  
Can I, feigning a desperate discontent, take  
My own freedom without the least suspicion.

*Court.* This is very luckily and obliging'y  
Thought on, Madam.

*La. Cock.* Now if you will be pleas'd to  
Make an assignation, Sir.

*Court.*

*Court.* To-morrow about ten a clock in the Lower-walk of the *New Exchange*, out of which We can quickly pop into my Coach,

*La. Cock.* But I am still so pester'd with my Woman, I dare not go without her; on my Conscience She's very sincere, but it is not good to trust our Reputations too much to the frailty of a servant.

*Court.* I will bring my Chariot, Madam, That will hold but two.

*La. Cock.* O most ingeniously imagin'd, dear Sir! For By that means I shall have a just excuse to give her Leave to see a Relation, and bid her stay There till I call her.

*Court.* It grieves me much to leave you so soon, Madam; but I shall comfort my self with the Thoughts of the happiness you have made me hope for.

*La. Cock.* I wish it were in my power eternally To oblige you, dear Sir.

*Court.* Your humble servant, Madam.

*La. Cock.* Your humble servant, sweet Sir.

[*Exit Courtal.*]

*Sentry* — why *Sentry* — Where are you?

[*Entry Sentry.*]

*Sent.* Here, Madam.

*La. Cock.* What a strange thing is this! will you Never take warning, but still be leaving me alone In these suspicious occasions?

*Sent.* I was but in the next Room, Madam.

*La. Cock.* What may Mr. *Courtal* think of my Innocent intentions? I protest if you serve me So agen, I shall be strangely angry: You should Have more regard to your Lady's Honor.

*Sent.* If I stay in the Room, she will not speak Kindly to me in a week after; and if I go out, she Always chides me thus: This is a strange intimacy She has, but I must bear with it; for on my Conscience, Custome has made it so natural, She cannot help it.

*La. Cock.* Are my Cofins come home yet?

*Sent.* Not yet, Madam.

*La.*

*La. Cock.* Do'st thou know whither they went  
This Evening?

*Sent.* I heard them say they would go take  
The Air, Madam.

*La. Cock.* Well, I see it is impossible with virtuous  
Counsel to reclaim them; truly they are so careless  
Of their own; I could wish Sir *Joslin* would remove  
'Em, for fear they should bring an unjust  
Imputation on my Honor.

*Sent.* Heavens forbid, Madam!

*La. Cock.* Your Servant, Cousins. *Enter Ariana*

*Amb.* Your Servant, Madam. *and Gatty.*

*La. Cock.* How have you spent the cool of the  
Evening?

*Gatty.* As the custom is, Madam, breathing the  
Fresh Air in the Park and Mulberry-Garden.

*La. Cock.* Without the Company of a Relation,  
Or some discreet body to justify your Reputations  
To the world— You are young, and may be yet  
Insensible of it; but this is a strange censorious age,  
I assure you. *Noise of Musick without.*

*Aria.* Hark! what Musick's this?

*Gatty.* I'll lay my life my Uncle's drunk, and hath  
Pickt us up a couple of worthy Servants,  
And brought them home with him in triumph.

*Enter the Musick playing, Sir Oliver strutting, and swag-  
gering, Sir Joslin singing and dancing with Mr. Cour-  
tal and Mr. Freeman, in each hand: Gatty and Ariana  
seeing Courtal and Freeman, shriek and—*

*[Exeunt.]*

*Sir Jos.* Hey-day! I told you they were a couple of  
Skittish Fillies, but I never knew 'em boggle  
At a man before; I'll fetch 'em agen I warrant  
You, Boys.

*Exit after them.*

*Free, to Court.* These are the very self-same Gowns  
And Petticoats.

*Court.* Their surprise confirms us it must be the m.

*Free.* 'Slife, we have betray'd our selves  
Very pleasantly.

*Court.* Now am I undone to all intents and purposes,

For

For they will innocently discover all to my Lady,  
And she will have no mercy:

Sir Oliv. Dan, Dan, Day, Dan, &c. *Sir running.*  
Avoid my presence, the very sight of that face  
Makes me more impotent than an Eunuch.

*La. Cock.* Dear Sir Oliver!

*[Offering to embrace him.]*

Sir Oliv. Forbear your conjugal clippings,  
I will have a Wench, thou shalt fetch me a  
Wench, *Sentry.*

*Sent.* Can you be so inhumane to my dear Lady?

Sir Oliv. Peace, Envy, or I will have thee executed  
For Petty Treason; thy skin flay'd off, stuff'd, and  
Hung up in my Hall in the Country, as a  
Terror to my whole Family.

*Court.* What Crime can deserve this horrid  
Punishment?

Sir Oliv. I'll tell thee, *Ned*: 'Twas my Fortune  
T'other day to have an Intrigue with a Tinker's  
Wife in the Country, and this malicious Slut  
Betray'd the very Ditch where we us'd to  
Make our assignations, to my Lady.

*Free.* She deserves your anger indeed, *Sir Oliver*:  
But be not so unkind to your vertuous Lady.

Sir Oliv. Thou do'st not know her, *Franck*; I have  
Had a design to break her heart ever since the  
First moneth that I had her, and 'tis so tough,  
That I have not yet crack'd one string on't.

*Court.* You are too unmerciful, *Sir Oliver.*

Sir Oliver. Hang her, *Ned*, by wicked policy she  
Would usurp my Empire, and in her heart is a  
Very Pharaoh; for every night she's a putting  
Me upon making Brick without straw.

*Court.* I cannot see a vertuous Lady so afflicted,  
Without offering her some consolation:  
Dear Madam, is it not as I told you?

*Aside to her.*

*La. Cock.* The fates could not have been more  
Propitious, and I shall not be wanting to the  
Furthering of our mutual happiness.

*[To Courtal, aside.]*

*Enter*



*Enter Sir Joffin, with Ariana and Gatty in each  
hand, dancing and singing.*

## CATCH

*This is fine and pretty,  
And this is wild and witty;  
If either stay'd  
Till she dy'd a Maid.  
I faith? would be great pity.*

Sir Jof. Here they are, Boys, I faith, and now little  
Joffin's a man of his word. Heuk! Sly girl and  
Mad-cap, to 'em, to 'em, to 'em, Boys, Abou!

*[Flings 'em to Courtal and Freeman,  
who kiss their hands.]*

What's yonder, your Lady in tears, Brother Cockwood?  
Come, come, I'll make up all Breaches.

*He sings — And we'll all be merry and frolick*  
Fie, fy, though man and wife are seldom in good  
Humor alone, there are few want the discretion  
To dissemble it in company.

*[Sir Joffin, Sir Oliver, and Lady,  
stand talking together.]*

Free. I knew we should surprize you, Ladies.

Court. Faith I thought this conjuring to be but  
A meer jest till now, and could not believe the  
Astrological Rascal had been so skilful.

Free. How exactly he describ'd 'em, and how  
Punctual he was in his directions to apprehend 'em!

Gat. Then you have been with a Conjuror,  
Gentlemen.

Court. You cannot blame us, Ladies, the loss of  
Our hearts was so considerable, that it may well  
Excuse the indirect means we took to find out  
The pretty Thieves that stole 'em.

Aria. Did not I tell you what men of business  
These were, Sister?

Gat. I vow I innocently believ'd they had some  
Pre-engagement to a Scrivener or a Surgeon,  
And wish'd 'em so well, that I am sorry  
To find 'em so perfidious.

E

Free.

*Free.* Why, we have kept our Oaths, L. dies.

*Aria* You are much beholden to Providence.

*Gatty* But we are more Sufferers, for had we once  
Been deluded into an opinion they had been  
Faithful, who knows into what Inconveniences  
That error might have drawn us?

*Court.* Why should you be so unreasonable, Ladies,  
To expect that from us, we should scarce  
Have hop'd for from you? Fy, fy, the keeping  
Of ones word is a thing below the honor  
Of a Gentleman.

*Free.* A poor Shift! Fit only to uphold the  
Reputation of a paucity of Citizens.

*Sir Jos.* Come, come, all will be well again.  
I warrant you, Lady.

*La. Cock.* These are insupportable injuries, but I will  
Bear 'em with an invincible patience, and so morrow  
Make him dearly sensible how unworthy he has been.

*Sir Jos.* To morrow my Brother *Cockwood* will  
Be another man — So, Boys, and how do you like  
The flesh and blood of the Jollies — Hark, Sly-  
Girl — and Mad-cap, Hey — come, come, you have  
Heard them exercise their Tongues a while; now  
You shall see them ply their feet a little: This is  
A clean Limb'd Wench, and has neither Spavin,  
Splinter, nor Wind-gall: tune her a jig, and playe  
Roundly, you shall see her bounce it away like a  
Nimble Frigot before a fresh gale — Hey, methinks I  
See her under sail already.

*[Gatty dances a jig.]*

*Sir Jos.* Hey my little Mad-cap — Here's a Girl of  
The true breed of the Jollies, I faith — But hark you,  
Hark you, a Consultation, Gentlemen — Bear up,  
Brother *Cockwood*, a little: What think you,  
If we pack these idle Huswives to Bed now,  
And retire into a Room by our selves, and have  
A merry Catch, and a Bottle or two of the  
Best, and perfect the good work we have  
So unanimously carry'd on to day?

*Sir Oliver.* A most admirable Intrigue — Tan, dan,  
Da, ra, dan, come, come, march to your several  
Quarters: Go, we have sent for a civil person or two,

And

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And are resolv'd to fornicate in private.

*La. Cock.* This is a monstrous return of  
All my kindness.

*Free.* { Your humble servant, Madam.

*Court.* { *[Ex. La. Cockwood and Sentry.]*

*Court.* Hark you! Hark you! Ladies do not harbor

Too ill an opinion of us, for faith when you have

Had a little more experience of the world, you'll

Find we are no such abominable Rascals.

*Gatty.* We shall be so charitable to think no worse  
Of you, than we do of all mankind for your  
Sakes, onely that you are perjur'd, perfidious,  
Inconstant, ingrateful.

*Free.* Nay, nay, that's enough in all conscience Ladies.

And now you are sensible what a shameful thing

It is to break ones word, I hope you'll be more

Careful to keep yours to morrow.

*Gatty.* Invent an Oath, and let it be so horrid—

*Court.* Nay, nay, it is too late for Baillery, I faith Ladies.

*Gatty.* { Well, your servant then.

*Aria.* {

*Free.* { Your servant, Ladies.

*Court.* {

*Sir Oliver.* Now the enemy's march'd out

*Sir Jos.* Then the Castle's your own Boy.

*And here and there I had her,*

*And every where I had her.*

*Her toy was such, that every touch*

*would make a Lover mad.*

*Free.* { Hey there Sir Joslin.

*Court.* {

*Sir Oliver.* Ah my dear little widdy Joslin, come

Hug thee.

*Sir Joslin.* Strike up you obstreperous Rascals, and

March along before us.

*[Exeunt Singing and Dancing.]*

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ACT

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*The New Exchange.**Mistress Trincat sitting in a Shop, People passing by  
at the Exchange.*

*Mrs. Trinc.* **W**hat d'ye buy? What d'ye lack, Gentlemen?  
Gloves, Ribbons, and Essences, Ribbons,  
Gloves, and Essences?

*Enter Mr. Courtal.*

*Mr. Courtal!* I thought you had a quarrel  
To the *Change*, and were resolv'd we should never  
See you here again.

*Court.* Your unkindness indeed, *Mrs. Trincat*, had  
Been enough to make a man banish himself  
For ever.

*Enter Mrs. Gazet.*

*Trinc.* Look you, yonder comes fine *Mrs. Gazet*, think  
You intended your visit, I am sure.

*Gaz.* *Mr. Courtal!* Your servant.

*Court.* Your servant, *Mistress Gazet*.

*Gaz.* This happiness was only meant to  
*Mistress Trincat*, had it not been my good fortune  
To pass by, by chance, I should have lost  
My share on't.

*Court.* This is too cruel, *Mistress Gazet*, when all the  
Unkindness is on your side, to rally your servant  
Thus.

*Gaz.* I vow this tedious absence of yours, made  
Me believe you intended to try an experiment  
On my poor heart, to discover that hidden secret,  
How long a despairing Lover may languish  
Without the sight of the party.

*Court.* You are always very pleasant on this  
Subject, *Mistress Gazet*.

*Gaz.* And have not you reason to be so?

*Court.* Not that I know of.

*Gaz.* Yes, you hear the good news.

*Court.* What good news?

*Gaz.*

*Gaz.* How well this dissembling becomes you?  
But now I think better on't, it cannot  
Concern you, you are more a Gentleman, than  
To have an amor last longer than an *Easter*  
Term with a Country Lady; and yet there  
Are some, I see, as well in the Country, as in  
The City, that have a pretty way of flouting  
A Lover, and can spin an intrigue out a great  
Deal farther, than others are willing to do.

*Court.* What pretty are have they, good Mistress *Gaz.*?

*Gaz.* When Tradesmen see themselves in an ill  
Condition, and are afraid of breaking, can they do  
Better than to take in a good substantial  
Partner, to help to carry on their trading?

*Court.* Sure you have been at Riddle me, riddle me,  
Lately, you are so wondrous witty.

*Gaz.* And yet I believe my Lady *Court.* is so  
Haughty, she had rather give over the vanity of an  
Intrigue, than take in a couple of young  
Handsome Kinswomen to help to maintain it.

*Court.* I knew it would come at last. Indeed it is the  
Principle of most good women that love Gaming,  
When they begin to grow a little out of play  
Themselves, to make an interest in some  
Young Gamester or other, to hope to pick  
A favor now and then. But you are quite out  
In your policy, my Lady *Court.* is none of  
These, I assure you——

Heark you, Mistress *Gaz.*, you must needs bestir  
Your self a little for me this morning, or else  
Heaven have mercy on a poor sinner.

*Gaz.* I hope this wicked woman has no design  
Upon your body already: Alas! I pity your  
Tender Conscience.

*Court.* I have always made thee my Confident, and  
Now I come to thee as to a Faithful Counsellor.

*Gaz.* State your Case.

*Court.* Why, this Ravenous Kite is upon Wing already,  
Is fetching a little compass, and will be  
Here within this half hour to swoop me  
Away.

*Gaz.* And you would have me your Scar-Crow?

*Court.*



*Court.* Something of that sort, is it? 'Tis well. And  
Your customer.

*Gaz.* I have furnish'd her, and the young Ladies with  
A few fashionable toys since they came  
To Town, to keep 'em in countenance as  
Play, or in the Park.

*Court.* I would have them go immediately to the first  
Young Ladies, and by some device or other  
Intice 'em hither.

*Gaz.* I came just now from taking measure of 'em  
For a couple of Handkerchiefs.

*Court.* How unlucky's this.

*Gaz.* They were calling for their *Blonds* and *Scarfs*  
And are coming hither to pay due a little Money  
In Ribbons and Effences: I have recommended  
Them to Mistress *Trinckies* Shop here.

*Court.* This falls out more luckily than what I had  
Contriv'd my self, or could have done; for here  
Will they be busie just before the Door, where  
We have made our appointment: But if this  
Long wind'd Devil should chance to tish me  
Before they come.

*Gaz.* I will onely step up and give some directions  
To my Maid, about a little business that is in  
Haste, and come down again and watch her; if you  
Are snap'd, I'll be with you presently, and rescue  
You I warrant you, or at least stay you till  
More company come: She dares not force you  
Away in my sight; she knows I am great with  
Sir *Oliver*, and as malicious a Devil as the best  
Of 'em—Your servant, Sir.

*Enter Freeman.*

*Court.* *Freeman!* 'Tis well you are come.

*Free.* Well! what counter-plot? what hopes of  
Disappointing the old, and of seeing the young  
Ladies: I am ready to receive your Orders.

*Court.* Faith, things are not so well contriv'd as I  
Could have wish'd 'em, and yet I hope by  
The help of Mistress *Gazet* to keep my word.

*Franck.*

*Free.*

*Free.* Nay, now I know what tool thou hast made  
Choice of. I make no question but the business  
Will go well forward: but I am afraid  
This last unlucky business has so distressed  
These young Truans, they will not be so easily  
Tickl'd as they might have been.

*Court.* Never fear it: what ever women say, I am sure  
They seldom think the worse of a man, for  
Running at all, 'tis a sign of youth and high  
Metcal, and makes them rather pique, who shall  
Tame him: That which troubles me most, is, we  
Lost the hopes of variety, and a single intrigue  
In Love, is as dull as a single Plot in a Play,  
And will tire a Lover worse, than t'other does  
An Audience.

*Free.* We cannot be long without some under-plots.  
In this Town, let this be our main design,  
And if we are any thing fortunate in our contrivance,  
We shall make it a pleasant Comedy.

*Court.* Leave all things to me, and hope the best:  
Be gone, for I expect their coming immediately:  
Walk a turn or two about, or feed a while  
With pretty Mistress Anvil, and scent your Eye-brows  
And Perriwig with a little Essence of Oranges,  
Or Jessimine; and when you come all together  
At Mistress Gazette's Shop, put in as it were by chance:  
I protest yonder comes the old Haggard, to your  
Post quickly! Death, where's Gazette and the  
Young Ladies now?

[*Ex. Free:*

*Entry Lady Cockwood, and Sentry.*

O Madam, I have waited here at least an hour, and  
Time seems very tedious, when it delays so great  
A happiness as you bring with you.

*La. Cock.* I vow, Sir, I did but stay to give Sir Oliver  
His due correction for those unseemly injuries  
He did me last night. Is your Coach ready?

*Court.* Yes, Madam: But how will you dispose of  
Your Maid?

*La. Cock.* My Maid! For Heavens sake, what do you  
Mean, Sir? Do I ever use to go abroad without her?

*Court.*

*Court.* 'Tis upon no design, Madam, I speak it.  
Assure you; but my Glaz-Coach broke last night,  
And I was forc'd to bring my Chariot, which can hold  
But two.

*La. Cock.* O Heaven! you must excuse me, dear Sir,  
For I shall deny my self the sweetest recreations  
In the World, rather than yield to any thing that  
May bring a blemish upon my spotless Honor.

*Enter Gizet.*

*Gaz.* Your humble servant, Madam.  
Your servant, Master *Courtal*.

*Lady* {  
*and* { Your servant, Mistress *Gazet*.

*Court.* {

*Gaz.* I am extream glad to see your Ladiship here,  
I intended to send my Maid to your Lodgings  
This Afternoon, Madam, to tell you I have a  
Parcel of new Lace come in, the prettiest Patterns  
That ever were seen; for I am very desirous to  
Good a Customer as your Ladiship should see 'em  
First, and have your choice.

*La. Cock.* I am much beholding to you, Mistress *Gazet*,  
I was newly come into the *Exchange*, and intended  
To call at your Shop before I went home.

*Enter Ariana and Gatty, Gazet goes to them.*

*Court.* 'Sdeath, here are your Cofins too! now there  
Is no hope left for a poor unfortunate  
Lover to comfort himself withal.

*Aria.* {  
*Gatty.* { Your servant, Madam.

*La. Cock.* I am newly come into the *Exchange*, and  
By chance met with Master *Courtal* here, who will needs  
Give himself the trouble, to play the Gallant, and  
Wait upon me.

*Gatty.* Does your Ladiship come to buy?

*La. Cock.* A few trifles; Mistress *Gazet* says she has a  
Parcel of very fine new Laces, shall we go look  
Upon 'em?

*Aria.*

*Aria.* We will only fancy a suit of Knots or two  
At this Shop, and buy a little Essence, and wait  
Upon your Ladiship immediately.

*Gaz.* Mistress *Gazet*, you are skill'd in the fashion, pray  
Let our choice have your approbation.

*All go to the Shop to look upon Wares, but  
Courtal, and Lady Cockwood.*

*Gaz.* Most gladly, Madam.

*Court.* 'Sdeath, Madam, if you had made no ceremony,  
But stept into the Coach presently, we had escap'd this  
Mischief.

*La. Cock.* My over-tenderness of my honor, has  
Blasted all my hopes of happiness.

*Court.* To be thus unluckily surpriz'd in the height  
Of all our expectation, leaves me no patience.

*La. Cock.* Moderate your passion a little, Sir, I may  
Yet find out a way.

*Court.* Oh 'tis impossible, Madam, never think on't  
Now you have been seen with me: to leave 'em upon  
Any pretence will be so suspicious, that my concern  
For your honor will make me so feverish and  
Disordered, that I shall lose the taste of all the  
Happiness you give me.

*La. Cock.* Methinks you are too scrupulous, Heroick Sir.

*Court.* Besides the concerns I have for you, Madam;  
You know the obligations I have to Sir *Oliver*,  
And what professions of friendship there are on  
Both sides; and to be thought perfidious and ingrateful,  
What an affliction would that be to a generous spirit!

*La. Cock.* Must we then unfortunately part thus?

*Court.* Now I have better thought on't, that is not  
Absolutely necessary neither.

*La. Cock.* These words revive my dying joys,  
Dear Sir, go on.

*Court.* I will by and by, when I see it most convenient,  
Beg the favor of your Ladiship, and your  
Young Kinswomen, to accept of a Treat, and  
A Fiddle; you make some little difficulty at  
First, but upon earnest perswasion comply, and  
Use your interest to make the young Ladies  
Do so too: Your company will secure their  
Reputations, and their company take off from

You all suspicion.

*La. Cock.* The natural inclination they have to be  
Jigging will make them very ready to comply:  
But what advantage can this be to our  
Happiness, dear Sir?

*Court.* Why, first, Madam, if the young Ladies, or  
Mistress *Gazer*, have any doubts upon their surprizing  
Us together, our joyning company will clear 'em  
All; next, we shall have some satisfaction  
In being an afternoon together, though we enjoy  
Not that full freedom we so passionately  
Desire.

*La. Cock.* Very good, Sir.

*Court.* But then lastly, Madam, we gain an opportunity  
To contrive another appointment to morrow,  
Which may restore us unto all those joys  
We have been so unfortunately disappointed  
Of to day.

*La. Cock.* This is a very prevailing Argument  
Indeed; but since Sir *Oliver* believes I have  
Conceiv'd so desperate a sorrow, 'tis fit we  
Should keep this from his knowledge.

*Court.* Are the young Ladies secret?

*La. Cock.* They have the good Principles not  
To betray themselves, I assure you.

*Court.* Then 'tis but going to a house that is  
Not haunted by the Company, and we are secure,  
And now I think on't, the Bear in *Drury-lane* is  
The fittest place for our purpose.

*La. Cock.* I know your Honor, dear Sir, and  
Submit to your discretion——  
Have you gratifi'd your Fancies, Cousins?

[*To them Ariana, Gatty, and Gazer,*  
*from the Shop.*

*Aria.* We are ready to wait upon you, Madam.

*Gat.* I never saw colours better mingled.

*Gaz.* How lively they set off one another, and  
How they add to the complexion!

*La. Cock.* Mr. *Courtal*, your most humble Servant.

*Court.* Pray, Madam, let me have the Honor  
To wait upon you and these young Ladies,  
Till I see you in your Coach.

*La.*



*La. Cock.* Your friendship to Sir *Oliver* would Engage you in an unnecessary trouble.

*Aria.* Let not an idle Ceremony take you from Your serious business, good Sir.

*Gat.* I should rather have expected to have seen You, Sir, walking in *Westminster-Hall*, watching To make a Match at Tennis, or waiting to Dine with a Parliament-man, then to meet You in such an idle place as the Exchange is.

*Court.* Methinks, Ladies, you are well Acquainted with me upon the first visit.

*Aria.* We received your Character before, you Know, Sir, in the Mulberry-Garden upon Oath.

*Court. aside.* 'Sdeath, what shall I do? Now out comes all my Roguery.

*Gat.* Yet I am apt to believe, Sister, that was Some malicious fellow that wilfully perjur'd Himself, on purpose to make us have an Ill opinion of this worthy Gentleman.

*Court.* Some rash men would be apt enough To enquire him out, and cut his Throat, Ladies, But I heartily forgive him whosoever he was; For on my Conscience 'twas not so much our Qf malice to me, as out of love to you he did it.

*Gat.* He might imagine Mr. *Courtal* was his Rival.

*Court.* Very likely, Mistress *Gates*.

*La. Cock.* Whosoever he was, he was an unworthy Fellow I warrant him; Mr. *Courtal* is known To be a Person of Worth and Honor.

*Aria.* We took him for an idle Fellow, Madam, And gave but very little credit to what he said.

*Court.* 'Twas very obliging, Lady, to believe Nothing to the disadvantage of a stranger— What a couple of young Devils are these?

*La. Cock.* Since you are willing to give Your self this trouble.

*Court.* I ought to do my duty, Madam.

[*Exeunt all but Ariana and Gatty.*]

*Aria.* How he blush'd, and hung down his head!

*Gat.* A little more had I put him as much out Of countenance, as a Country Clown is

When he ventures to complement  
His Attorney's Daughter.

*They follow.*

## SCENE II.

### Sir Oliver's Dining-Room.

*Enter Sir Joslin and Servant severally.*

Sir Jos. How now old Boy! where's my  
Brother *Cockwood* to day?

Serv. He desires to be in private Sir.

Sir Jos. Why? what's the matter, Man?

Serv. This is a day of Humiliation, Sir,  
With him for last night's transgression.

Sir Jos. I have bus'ness of consequence to impart  
To him, and must and will speak with him—  
So, ho! Brother *Cockwood*?

Sir Oliver without. Who's that, my Brother *Jolly*?

Sir Jos. The same, the same, come away, Boy.

Sir Oliver without. For some secret reasons  
I desire to be in private, Brother.

Sir Jos. I have such a design on foot as would  
Draw *Diogenes* out of his Tub to follow it:  
Therefore I say, come away, come away.

Sir Oliver entering. There is such a strange  
in a Night-Gown and Slippers. Temptation in thy voice,  
Never stir.

Sir Jos. What in thy Gown and Slippers yet? why,  
Brother, I have bespoke Dinner, and engag'd  
Master *Rake-hell*, the little smart Gentleman I have  
Often promis'd thee to make thee acquainted  
Withal, to bring a whole Bevy of Damsels  
In Sky, and Pink, and Flame-colour'd Taffeta's.  
Come, come, dress thee quickly, there's to be  
Madam *Rampant*, a Girl that shines, and will drink  
At such a rate, she's a Mistress for *Alexander*, were  
He alive agen.

Sir Oliv. How unluckily this falls out! *Thomas*,  
What Cloaths have I to put on?

*Serv.*

*Serv.* None but your Penitential Suir,  
Sir, all the rest are secur'd.

*Sir Oliv.* Oh unspeakable misfortune ! that I  
Should be in disgrace with my Lady now !

*Sir Jos.* Come, come, never talke of Cloaths ;  
Put on any thing, thou hast a person and a  
Mine will bear it out bravely.

*Sir Oliv.* Nay, I know my behavior will show  
I am a Gentleman ; but yet the Ladies  
Will look scurvily upon me, Brother.

*Sir Jos.* That's a Jest i' faith ! He that has *Terra firma*  
In the Country, may appear in any thing before 'em.

*For he that would have a Wench kind,  
Ne'er smugs up himself like a Nimmy ;  
But plainly tells her his mind,  
And tickles her first with a Guinny.*

Hay Boy——

*Sir Oliv.* I vow thou hast such a bewitching  
Way with thee !

*Sir Jos.* How lovely will the Ladies look when  
They have a Beer-glass in their hands !

*Sir Oliv.* I now have a huge mind to venture ;  
But if this should come to my Ladies knowledge.

*Sir Jos.* I have bespoke Dinner at the Bear, the  
Privat'st place in Town : There will be  
No Spies to be betray us, if *Thomas* be but secret,  
I dare warrant thee, Brother *Cockwood*.

*Sir Oliv.* I have always found *Thomas* very  
Faithful ; but faith 'tis too unkind, considering  
How tenderly my Lady loves me.

*Sir Jos.* Fy, fy, a Man, and kept so much under  
Correction by a Busk and a Fan !

*Sir Oliv.* Nay, I am in my Nature as valiant  
As any man, when once I set out ; but i' faith I  
Cannot but think how my dear Lady will be  
Concern'd when she comes home and misses me.

*Sir Jos.* A Pox upon these Qualms.

*Sir Oliv.* Well, thou hast seduc'd me ;  
But I shall look so untowardly.

*Sir Jos.* Again art thou at it ? in, in, and make

All

All the haste that may be, *Rake-hill* and the  
Ladies will be there before us else.

*Sir O iv.* Well, thou art an errant Devil—hey—  
For the Ladies, Brother *Jolly*.

*Sir Jos.* Hey for the Ladies, Brother *Cockwood*.

[*Ex't singing — For he that won'd, &c.*]

### SCENE III.

*The Bear.*

*Without.* Ho *Francis*, *Humphrey*, show a Room there!

*Enter Courtal, Freeman, Lady Cockwood,  
Ariana, Gatty, and Sentry.*

*Court.* Pray, Madam, be not so full of apprehension;  
There is no fear that this should come to  
*Sir Oliver's* knowledge.

*La. Cock.* I were ruin'd if it shou'd, Sir! Dear, how  
I tremble! I never was in one of these houses before.

*Sent.* This is a Bait for the young Ladies to  
swallow; she has been in most of the Eating-  
Houses about Town, to my knowledge.

*Aside.*

*Court.* Oh *Francis*!

*Enter Waiter.*

*Wait.* Your Worship's welcome, Sir; but I  
Must needs desire you to walk into the next  
Room, for this is bespoke.

*La. Cock.* Mr. *Courtal*, did not you say, this  
Place was private?

*Court.* I warrant you, Madam. What  
Company dines here. *Francis*?

*Wait.* A couple of Country Knights, Sir *Joslin  
Jolly* and Sir *Oliver Cockwood*, very honest Gentlemen.

*La. Cock.* Combination to undo me!

*Court.* Peace, Madam, or you'll betray  
Your self to the Waiter.

*La. Cock.* I am distracted! *Sentry*, did not I  
Command thee to secure all Sir *Oliver's* Cloaths,  
And leave nothing for him to put on, but his

Penitential

Penitential Spit, that I might be sure he  
Could not stir abroad to day?

*Sent.* I obey'd you in every thing, Madam; but I  
Have often told you this Sir *Joslin* is a wicked Seducer.

*Aria.* If my Uncle sees us, Sister, what  
Will he think of us?

*Gat.* We come but to wait upon her Ladiship.

*Free.* You need not fear, you Chickens are  
Secure under the wings of that old Hen.

*Court.* Is there to be no body, *Francis*,  
But Sir *Oliver* and Sir *Joslin*?

*Wait.* Faith, Sir, I was enjoin'd secrecy; but  
You have an absolute power over me: Coming  
Lately out of the Country, where there is but  
Little variety, they have a design to solace  
Themselves with a fresh Girl or two, as I  
Understand the business.

*La. Cock.* Oh Sentry! Sir *Oliver* did  
My misfortunes come too thick upon me.

*Court.* *Aside.* Now is she afraid of being  
Disappointed on all hands.

*La. Cock.* I know not what to do, Mr. *Court*.  
I would not be surpriz'd here my self, and yet  
I would prevent Sir *Oliver* from prosecuting  
His wicked and perfidious intentions.

*Aria.* Now shall we have admirable sport,  
What with her fear and jealousy.

*Gat.* I lay my life she routs the Wenches.

*Enter Waiter.*

*Wait.* I must needs desire you to step into the next  
Room; Sir *Joslin* and Sir *Oliver* are below already.

*La. Cock.* I have not power to move a foot.

*Free.* We will consider what is to be done  
Within, Madam.

*Court.* Pray, Madam, come; I have a  
Design in my head which shall secure you, surprise  
Sir *Oliver*, and free you from all your fears.

*La. Cock.* It cannot be, Sir.

*Court.* Never fear it: *Francis*, you may own  
Mr. *Freeman* and I are in the house, if they ask for us;

Bot



But not a word of these Ladies, as you tender  
The wearing of your Ears.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Sir Jossin, Sir Oliver, and Waiter.*

*Sir Jos.* Come, Brother *Cockwood*, Prithce be brisk.

*Sir Oliv.* I shall disgrace my self for ever, Brother.

*Sir Jos.* Pox upon care, never droop like a Cock  
In moulting time; thou art Spark enough in all  
Conscience.

*Sir Oliv.* But my heart begins to fail me  
When I think of my Lady.

*Sir Jos.* What, more Qualms yet?

*Sir Oliv.* Well, I will be courageous: But it is not  
Necessary these strangers should know this is  
My Penitential Suit, Brother.

*Sir Jos.* They shall not, they shall not. Hark  
You old Boy, is the Meat provided? Is the Wine  
And Ice come? And are the Melodious Rascals  
At hand I spoke for?

*Wait.* Every thing will be in a readiness, Sir.

*Sir Jos.* If Master *Rake-hell*, with a Coach full, or two  
Of Vizard-masks and Silk Petticoats, call at the  
Door, usher 'em up to the place of execution.

*Wait.* You shall be obey'd, Sir.

*Exit Waiter.*

*Enter Rake-hell.*

*Sir Jos.* Ho, here's my little *Rake-hell* come!  
Brother *Cockwood*, let me commend this ingenious  
Gentleman to your acquaintance; he is a Knight  
Of the Industry, has many admirable qualities;  
I assure you.

*Sir Oliv.* I am very glad, Sir, of this opportunity  
To know you.

*Rake.* I am happy, Sir, if you esteem me your  
Servant. Hark you, *Sir Jossin*, is this Sir  
*Oliver Cockwood*, in earnest?

*Sir Jos.* In very good earnest, I assure you, he is  
A little fantastical now and then, and dresses  
Himself up in an old fashion: But that's all one  
Among Friends, my little *Rake-hell*

*Sir Oliv.* Where are the Damsels you talk'd of,  
Brother *Jolly*? I hope Master *Rake-hell* has not forgot 'em.

*Rake.*

*Rake.* They are arming for the ran-counter.

*Sir Jos.* What tricking and trimming?

*Rake.* Even so, and will be here immediately.

*Sir Oliv.* They need not make themselves so Full of Temptation, my Brother *Josly* and I, can Be wicked enough without it.

*Sir Jos.* The truth is, my little *Rake-bell*, we are Both mighty Men at Arms, and thou shalt see us Charge anon to the terror of the Ladies.

*Rake.* Methinks that Dress Sir *Oliver* is a little Too rustical for a Man of your capacity.

*Sir Oliv.* I have an odd humor, Sir, now, and Then; but I have wherewithal at home to Be as spruce as any man.

*Rake.* Your Perriwig is too scandalous, Sir *Oliver*, your Black Cap and Border is never Wore but by a Fidler or a Waiter.

*Sir Jos.* Prithee, my little *Rake-bell*, do not put my Brother *Cockwood* out of conceit of himself; Methinks your Calot is a pretty Ornament, and Makes a Man look both Polite and Politick.

*Rake.* I will allow you, 'tis a grave ware, and fit For men of bus'ness, that are every moment bending Of their brows, and scratching of their heads, every Project would claw out another Perriwig; but a Lover had better appear before his Mistress with a Bald Pate; 'twill make the Ladies apprehend a favor, Stop their Noses, and avoid you: 'Slife, Love in a Cap is more ridiculous then Love in a Tub, or Love In a Pipkin.

*Sir Oliv.* I must confess your whole head is Now in fashion; but there was a time when Your Calot was not so despicable.

*Rake.* Here's a Perruque, Sir.

*Sir Oliv.* A very good one.

*Rake.* A very good one? 'tis the best in *England*. Pray, Sir *Joslin*, take him in your hand, and draw A Comb through him, there is not such Another Friz in *Europe*.

*Sir Jos.* 'Tis a very fine one indeed.

*Rake.* Pray, Sir *Oliver*, do me the favor to Grace it on your head a little.

*Sir Oliv.* To oblige you, Sir.

*Rake.* You never wore any thing became you half  
So well in all your life before.

*Sir Jos.* Why, you never saw him in your life before.

*Rake.* That's all one, Sir, I know 'tis impossible.  
Here's a Beaver, *Sir Oliver*, feel him; for fineness,  
Substance, and for fashion, the Court of *France*  
Never saw a better; I have bred him but a  
Fortnight, and have him at command already.  
Clap him on boldly, never hat took the Fore-  
Cock and the Hind-cock at one motion so naturally.

*Sir Oliv.* I think you have a mind to make a  
Spark of me before I see the Ladies.

*Rake.* Now you have the meen of a true Cavalier,  
And with one look may make a Lady kind, and  
A Hector humble: And since I nam'd a Hector,  
Here's a Sword, Sir: Sa, fa, fa, try him, *Sir Joslin*,  
Put him to't, cut through the Staple, run him  
Through the Door, beat him to the Hilt, if he  
Breaks, you shall have liberty to break my Pate,  
And pay me never a Groat of the ten for't.

*Sir Jos.* 'Tis a very pretty Weapon indeed, Sir.

*Rake.* The Hilt is true French-wrought, and  
Doree by the best Workman in *France*. This Sword  
And this Castor, with an embroider'd Button and  
Loop, which I have to vary him upon occasion,  
Were sent me out of *France* for a Token by my elder  
Brother, that went over with a handsome equipage,  
To take the pleasure of this *Champagn*.

*Sir Oliv.* Have you a mind to sell these things, Sir?

*Rake.* That is below a Gentleman; yet if a person  
Of Honor, or a particular friend, such as I esteem  
You, *Sir Oliver*, take at any time a fancy to a Band,  
A Cravat, a Velvet Coat, a Vest, a Ring, a Flajoler,  
Or any other little Toy I have about me, I am  
Good-natur'd, and may be easily perswaded  
To play the Fool upon good terms.

*Enter Freeman.*

*Sir Jos.* Worthy Master *Freeman*!

*Sir Oliv.* Honest *Frank*, how cam'st thou to  
Find us out, Man?

*Free.*

*Free.* By meer chance, Sir; *Ned Courtal* is without Writing a Letter, and I came in to know whether You had any particular engagements, Gentlemen.

*Sir Oliv.* We resolv'd to be in private; but You are men without exception.

*Free.* Methinks you intended to be in private Indeed, *Sir Oliver*. 'Sdeath, what disguise have You got on? Are you grown grave since last Night, and come to *sin incognito*?

*Sir Oliv.* Hark you in your Ear, *Frank*, this is My habit of Humiliation, which I always put on The next day after I have transgressed, the better To make my pacification with my intend'd Lady——

*Free.* Ha, ha, ha——

*Rake.* Master *Freeman*, your most humble servant, Sir.

*Free.* Oh my little dapper Officer! are you here?

*Sir Jos.* Ha, Master *Freeman*, we have bespoke all the Jovial entertainment that a merry wig can wish For, good Meat, good Wine, and a wholesome Welch or two for the digestion, we shall have Madam *Rampant*, the glory of the Town, the Brightest she that shines, or else my little *Rake*—*bel* Is not a man of his word, Sir.

*Rake.* I warrant you she comes, *Sir Joslin*.

*Sir Joslin sings.*

*And if she comes, she shall not scape,  
If Twenty pounds will win her;  
Her very Eye commits a Rape,  
'Tis such a tempting sinner.*

*Enter Courtal.*

*Court.* Well said, *Sir Joslin*, I see you hold up still, And bate not an Ace of your good humor.

*Sir Jos.* Noble Master *Courtal*!

*Court.* Bless me, *Sir Oliver*, what are you going To act a Droll? how the people would throng About you, if you were but mounted on a Few Deal-boards in *Covent-Garden* now!

*Sir Oliv.* Hark you, *Ned*, this is the Badge of my Ladies indignation for my last nights offence; do Not insult over a poor sober man in affliction.

*Court.* Come, come, send home for your Cloaths;  
I hear you are to have Ladies, and you are not  
To learn at these years, how absolutely necessary  
A rich Vest and a Perruque are to a man that aims  
At their favors.

*Sir Oliv.* A Pox on't, *Ned*, my Ladies gone abroad  
In a damn'd jealous melancholly humor, and  
Has commanded her woman to secure 'em,

*Court.* Under Lock and Key?

*Sir Oliv.* Ay, ay, Man, 'tis usual in these cases, our  
Of pure Love in hopes to reclaim me, and to  
Keep me from doing my self an injury  
By drinking two days together.

*Court.* What a loving Lady 'tis!

*Sir Oliv.* There are Sots that would think themselves  
Happy in such a Lady, *Ned*; but to a true bred  
Gentleman all lawful solace is abomination.

*Rake.* Mr. *Courtal*, your most humble servant, Sir.

*Court.* Oh! my little Knight of the Industry, I am  
Glad to see you in such good company.

*Free.* *Courtal*, hark you, are the Masking-habits  
Which you sent to borrow at the Play-house come yet?

*Court.* Yes, and the Ladies are almost dress'd:  
This design will adde much to our mirth, and give  
Us the benefit of their Meat, Wine, and Musick  
For our entertainment.

*Free.* 'Twas luckily thought of.

*Sir Oliv.* Hark, the Musick comes.

*Musick.*

*Sir Jos.* Hey Boys— let 'em enter, let 'em enter.

*Enter Waiter.*

*Wait.* An't please your Worships, there is a Mask  
Of Ladies without, that desire to have the  
Freedom to come in and dance.

*Sir Jos.* Hey! Boys—

*Sir Oliv.* Did you bid 'em come 'en Masquerade, Mr. *Rake-hell*?

*Rake.* No; but *Rampant* is a mad Wench, she  
Was half a dozen times a mumming in private  
Company last *Shrove-side*, and I lay my life she has  
Put 'em all upon this frolick.

*Court.* They are mettled Girls, I warrant them,

Sir

Sir *Joslin*, let 'em be what they will;

Sir *Jos*. Let 'em enter, let 'em enter, ha Boys—

*Enter Musick, and the Ladies in an Actick, and then they take out; my Lady Cockwood, Sir Oliver; the young Ladies, Courtal and Freeman; and Sentry, Sir Joslin; and dance a set Dance.*

Sir *Oliv*. Oh my little Rogue! have I got thee?  
How I will turn and winde, and fegue thy body!

Sir *Jos*. Mettle on all sides, mettle on all sides,  
I'faith; how swimmingly would this pretty little  
Amb'ling Filly, carry a Man of my Body!

*Sings.*

*She's so honey and brack,  
How she'd carust and frick,  
If a Man were once mounted upon her?  
Let me have but a leap,  
Where 'tis wholefom and cheap.  
And a fig for your Person of Honor.*

Sir *Oliv*. 'Tis true, little *Joslin*, I'faith.

*Court*. They have warm'd us, Sir *Oliver*.

Sir *Oliv*. Now am I as rampant as a Lion, *Ned*,  
And could love as vigorously as a Sea-man that  
Is newly landed after an *East-India* Voyage.

*Court*. Take my advice, Sir *Oliver*, do not in your  
Rage deprive your self of your onely hope  
Of an accommodation with your Lady.

Sir *Oliv*. I had rather have a perpetual Civil War,  
Then purchase Peace at such a dishonorable rate.  
A poor Fidler, after he has been three days persecuted  
At a Country-wedding, takes more delight in scraping  
Upon his old squeeking Fiddle, then I do in fumbling  
On that domestick Instrument of mine.

*Court*. Be not so bitter, Sir *Oliver*, on your  
Own dear Lady.

Sir *Oliv*. I was married to her when I was young,  
*Ned*, with a design to be balk'd, as they rye Whelps  
To the Bell-weather; where I have been so butted,  
'Twere enough to fright me, were I not pure  
Mettle, from ever running at Sheep again.

*Court*.



*Court.* That's no sure rule, *Sir Oliver* : for a Wife's a dish, of which if a man once surfeit, he shall Have a better Stomach to all others ever after.

*Sir Oliv.* What a Shape is here, *Ned* : so exact and Tempting, 'twould persuade a man to be an Implicite sinner, and take her face upon credit.

*Sir Jos.* Come, Brother *Cockwood*, let us get 'em To lay aside these Masking Poppetries, and then We'll segue 'em in earnest : Give us a Bottle, *Waiter*.

*Free.* Not before Dinner, good *Sir Joslin* —

*Sir Oliv.* Lady, though I have out of Drollery Put my self into this contemptible dress at present, I am a Gentleman, and a Man of courage, as you Shall find anon by my brisk behaviour.

*Rake.* *Sir Joslin* ! *Sir Oliver* ? These are none of our Ladies, they are just come to the door in a Coach, and Have sent for me down to wait upon 'em up to you.

*Sir Jos.* Hey — Boys, more Game, more Game ! Fetch 'em up, fetch 'em up.

*Sir Oliv.* Why, what a day day of sport will here be, *Ned* ?

[*Exit Rake-hell.*]

*Sir Jos.* They shall all have fair play, Boys.

*Sir Oliv.* And we will match our selves, and make A prize on't, *Ned Courtal* and I, against *Frank Freeman* and you Brother *Jolly*, and *Rake-hell* Shall be Judge for Gloves and Silk Stockings, to be B stow'd as the Conqueror shall fancy.

*Sir Jos.* Agreed, agreed, agreed.

*Court.* *Free.* A match, a match.

*Sir Oliv.* Hey — Boys !

[*Lady Cockwood counterseits a fit.*]

*Sentry pulling off her Mask.* O Heavens ! my dear Lady ! Help, help !

*Sir Oliv.* What's here ? *Sentry* and my Lady ! 'Sdeath, what a condition am I in now, Brother *Jolly* ? You have brought me into this Premunire : For Heavens sake run down quickly, and send the Rogue And Whores away. Help, help ! Oh help ! D. ar Madam, sweet Lady !

[*Ex. Sir Joslin, Sir Oliver kneels down by her.*]

*Sent.*

*Sent.* Oh she's gone, she's gone!

*Free.* Give her more air.

*Court.* Fetch a Glass of cold Water, *Freeman*.

*Sir Oliv.* Dear Madam speak, Sweet Madam speak.

*Sent.* Out upon thee for a vile Hypocrite! thou Art the wicked Author of all this; who but such a Reprobate, such an obdurate sinner as thou art, Could go about to abuse so sweet a Lady?

*Sir Oliv.* Dear *Sentry*, do not stab me with thy words, But stab me with thy Bodkin rather, that I may here Dye a sacrifice at her feet, for all my disloyal actions.

*Sent.* No, live, live, to be a reproach and a shame, To all Rebellious Husbands; ah, that she had but My heart! but thou hast bewitch'd her affections, Thou shouldst then dearly smart for this abominable Treason.

*Gen.* So, now she begins to come to her self.

*Aria.* Set her more upright, and bend her a little Forward.

*La. Cock.* Unfortunate Woman! let me go, Why do you hold me? wou'd I had a Dagger at My heart, to punish it for loving that ungrateful man.

*Sir Oliv.* Dear Madam, were I but worthy Of your pity and belief.

*La. Cock.* Peace, peace, perfidious Man, I am too Tame and foolish — Were I every day at the Plays, The Park, and Mulberry-Garden, with a kind look Secretly to indulge the unlawful passion of some Young Gallant; or did I associate my self with the Gaming Madams, and were every After-noon at my Lady *Briest*, and my Lady *Meanwell* at *Umbre* and *Quebas*, pretending ill luck to borrow money of a Friend, and then pretending good luck to excuse the Plenty to a Husband, my suspicious demeanor had Deserv'd this; but I who out of a scrupulous Tenderne's to my Honor, and to comply with thy Base jealousy, have deny'd my self all those blameless Recreations, which a virtuous Lady might enjoy, To be thus inhumanely revil'd in my own person, and Thus unreasonably rob'd and abus'd in thine too!

*Court.* Sure she will take up anon, or crack Her Mind, or else the Devil's in't.

*La.*

*La. Cock.* Do not stay and torment me with thy Sight; go, Gracels's Wretch, follow thy treacherous Resolutions, do, and waste that poor stock of comfort Which I should have at home, upon those your ravenous Cormorants below: I feel my passion begin to Swell again.

*[She has a little fit agen.]*

*Court.* Now will she get an absolute dominion over Him, and all this will be my Plague in the end.

*Sir Oliver run- { Ned Courtal, Frank Freeman, Colin  
ning up and down } Ariana, and dear Colin Gatty, for  
Heavens sake joyn all, and moderate her passion—  
Ah Scurry! forbear thy unjust reproaches, take pity  
On thy Master! thou hast a great influence over her,  
And I have always been mindful of thy favors.*

*Sent.* You do not deserve the least compassion, Nor wou'd I speak a good word for you, but that I know for all this, 'twill be acceptable to my poor Lady. Dear Madam, do but look up a little, Sir *Oliver* lies at your feet an humble Penitent.

*Aria.* How bitterly he weeps! how sadly he sighs!

*Gat.* I dare say he counterfeited his sin, and is Real in his Repentance.

*Court.* Compose your self a little, pray Madam; All this was meer Raillery, a way of talk, which Sir *Oliver* being well bred, has learned among The gay people of the Town.

*Free.* If you did but know, Madam, what an odious Thing it is to be thought to love a Wife in good Com; any, you wou'd easily forgive him.

*La. Cock.* No, no, 'twas the mild correction which I gave him for his insolent behavior last night, that Has encourag'd him agen thus to insult over my Affections.

*Court.* Come, Come, Sir *Oliver*, out with your Bosom-secret, and clear all things to your Lady; Is it not as we have said?

*Sir Oliv.* Or may I never have the happiness to be In her good grace agen; and as for the Harlots, Dear Madam, here is *Ned Courtal*, and *Franck Freeman*, That have often seen me in company of the Wicked; let 'em speak, if they ever knew me tempted To a disloyal action in their lives.

*Court.*

*Court.* On my Conscience, Madam, I may more  
Safely swear, that Sir *Oliver* has been constant to  
Your Ladiship, then that a Girl of Twelve years old  
Has her Maiden-head this warm and ripening Age.

*Enter Sir Joslin.*

*Sir Oliv.* Here's my Brother *Josy* too can witness  
The loyalty of my Heart, and that I did not intend  
Any treasonable practice against your Ladiship  
In the least.

*Sir Jos.* Unless feguing 'em with a Beer-glass, be  
Included in the Statute. Come, Master *Courtal*, to  
Satisfie my Lady, and put her in a little good humor,  
Let us sing the Catch I taught you yesterday, that was  
Made by a Country Vicar on my Brother *Cock* and  
And me.

*They sing.*

*Love and wringing are Toys,  
Fit to please Beardless Boys,  
Th' are sports we hate worse than a Leaguer,  
When we visit a Miss,  
We still brag how we Kist,  
But 'tis with a Bottle we segue her.*

*Sir Jos.* Come, come, Madam, let all things be  
Forgot; Dinner is ready, the Cloath is laid in the  
Next Room, let us in and be mettry; there was no  
Harm meant as I am true little *Joslin*.

*La. Cock.* Sir *Oliver* knows I can't be angry with  
Him, though he plays the naughty man thus: But  
Why, my Dear, wou'd y' expose your self in this  
Ridiculous habit, to the censure of both our Honors?

*Sir Oliv.* Indeed I was to blame to be over-  
Perswaded, I intended dutifully to retire into the  
Pantry, and there civilly to divert my self at Back-  
Gammon with the Butler.

*Sir Jos.* Faith, I must ev'n own, the fault was  
Mine, I intic'd him hither Lady.

*Sir Oliv.* How the Devil, *Ned*, came they to find  
Us out here?

*Court.* No Blood-hound draws so sure as a jealous Woman.

*Sir Oliv.* I am afraid *Thomas* has been unfaithful:  
*Prithee, Ned*, speak to my Lady, that there may be

A perfect understanding between us, and that *Servant*  
May be sent home for my Cloaths, that I may no  
longer wear the marks of her displeasure.

*Court.* Let me alone, *Sir Oliver*.

[*He goes to my Lady Cockwood.*]

How do you find your self, *Madam*, after  
This violent Passion?

*La. Cock.* This has been a lucky adventure,  
*Mr. Courtal*; now am I absolute Mistress of  
My own conduct for a time.

*Court.* Then shall I be a happy man, *Madam*: I  
Knew this wou'd be the consequence of all, and  
Yet could not I forbear the project.

*Sir Oliv.* How didst thou shuffle away *Rake-hol*  
And the Ladies Brother? [To *Sir Jossin*.

*Sir Jos.* I have appointed 'em to meet us at six a  
Clock at the new *Spring-Garden*.

*Sir Oliv.* Then will we yet, in spite of the Stars  
That have cross'd us, be in conjunction with  
*Madam Rampant*, Brother.

*Court.* Come, Gentlemen, Dinner is on the Table.

*Sir Jos.* Ha! Sly-Girl and Mad-cap, I'll enter  
You, i'faith; since you have found the way  
To the *Bear*, I'll fegue you.

*Sings.*

When we visit a *Mistress*,  
We still brag how we *Kiss*;  
But 'tis with a Bottle we fegue her.

[*Exeunt singing.*]

ACT

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A Dining-Room.**Enter Lady Cockwood.*

*La. Cock.* **A** Lady cannot be too jealous of her servants  
 Love, this faithless and inconstant Age:  
 His amorous carriage to that prating Girl to day,  
 Though he pretends it was to blind Sir Oliver,  
 I fear will prove a certain sign of his revolted  
 Heart; the Letters I have counterfeited in these Girls  
 Name will clear all; if he accepts of that appointment,  
 And refuses mine, I need not any longer doubt.

*Enter Sentry.*

*Sentry,* have the Letters  
 And Message been deliver'd, as I directed?

*Sent.* Punctually, Madam; I knew they were to be  
 Found at the latter end of a Play, I sent a Porter  
 First with the Letter to Mr. Courtal, who  
 Was at the Kings-house, he sent for him out  
 By the Door-keeper, and deliver'd it into  
 His own hands.

*La. Cock.* Did you keep on your Vizard, that  
 The Fellow might not know how to describe you?

*Sent.* I did, Madam.

*La. Cock.* And how did he receive it?

*Sent.* Like a Traytor to all goodness, with  
 All the signs of joy imaginable.

*La. Cock.* Be not angry, *Sentry,* 'tis as my heart  
 Wisht it: What did you do with the Letter to  
 Mr. Freeman? For I thought fit to deceive 'em both,  
 To make my Policy less suspicious to Courtal.

*Sent.* The Porter found him at the Dukes-house,  
 Madam, and deliver'd it with like care.

*La. Cock.* Very well.

*Sent.* After the Letters were deliver'd, Madam,  
 I went my self to the Play-house, and sent in



For Mr. *Courtal*, who came out to me immediately ;  
 I told him your Ladiship presented your humble  
 Service to him, and that Sir *Oliver* was going  
 Into the City with Sir *Joslin*, to visit his Brother  
*Cockwood*, and that it wou'd add much more  
 To your Ladiships happiness, if he wou'd be pleas'd  
 To meet you in *Grays-Inn Walks* this lovely Evening.

*La Cock*. And how did he entertain the motion ?

*Sent*. Bless me ! I tremble still to think upon it !  
 I cou'd not trave imagin'd he had been so wicked ;  
 He counterfeited the greatest passion, rail'd at  
 His Fate, and swore a thousand horrid Oaths,  
 That since he came into the Play-house, he had  
 Notice of a business that concern'd both his  
 Honor and Fortune ; and that he was an undone  
 Man, if he did not go about it presently ;  
 Pray'd me to desire your Ladiship to excuse  
 Him this Evening, and that to morrow he wou'd  
 Be wholly at your devotion.

*La Cock*. Ha, ha, ha ! he little thinks how  
 Much he has oblig'd me.

*Sent*. I had much ado to forbear upbraiding  
 Him with his ingratitude to your Ladiship.

*La Cock*. Poor *Sentry* ! be not concern'd for  
 Me, I have conquer'd my Affection, and thou  
 Shalt find it is not Jealousie has been my Counsellor  
 In this. Go, let our Hoods and Masks be ready,  
 That I may surprize *Courtal*, and make the  
 Best advantage of this lucky opportunity.

*Sent*. I obey you, Madam.

[Exit *Sentry*.]

*La Cock*. How am I fill'd with indignation ?  
 To find my person and my passion both despis'd,  
 And what is more so much precious time  
 Fool'd away in fruitless expectation : I wou'd  
 Poyson my face, so I might be reveng'd on  
 This ingrateful Villain.

*Enter Sir Oliver.*

*Sir Oliv*. My Dearest !

*La Cock*. My Dearest Dear ! prithee do  
 Not go into the City to night.

*Sir Oliv*. My Brother *Jolly* is gone before,

And

And I am to call him at Counsellor Tru's  
Chamber in the Temple.

*La. Cock.* Well, if you did but know the fear  
I have upon me, when you are absent, you would  
Not seek occasions to be from me thus.

*Sir Oliv.* Let me comfort thee with a kiss;  
What should'st thou be afraid of?

*La. Cock.* I cannot but believe that every Woman  
That sees thee must be in love with thee, as I am:  
Do not blame my Jealousie.

*Sir Oliv.* I protest I won'd refuse a Countess  
Rather then abuse thee, poor Heart.

*La. Cock.* And then you are so desperate upon  
The least occasion, I shou'd have acquainted  
You else with something that concerns your Honor.

*Sir Oliv.* My Honor! you ought in duty to do it.

*La. Cock.* Nay, I knew how passionate you won'd  
Be presently; therefore you shall never know it.

*Sir Oliv.* Do not leave me in doubt, I shall  
Suspect every one I look upon; I will kill a  
Common Council-Man or two before I come  
Back, if you do not tell me.

*La. Cock.* Dear, how I tremble! Will you  
Promise me you will not quarrel then? if you tender  
My life and happiness, I am sure you will not.

*Sir Oliv.* I will bear any thing rather then be  
An enemy to thy quiet, my Dear.

*La. Cock.* I cou'd wish Mr. Courtal a man of better  
Principles, because I know you love him, my Dear.

*Sir Oliv.* Why, what has he done?

*La. Cock.* I always treated him with great respects,  
Out of my regard to your friendship; but he, like  
An impudent man as he is, to day misconstruing  
My Civility, in most unseemly language,  
Made a foul attempt upon my Honor.

*Sir Oliv.* Death, and Hell, and Furies, I will  
Have my Pumps, and long Sword!

*La. Cock.* Oh, I shall faint! did not you promise  
Me you wou'd not be so rash?

*Sir Oliv.* Well, I will not kill him, for fear of  
Murdering thee, my Dear.

*La.*

*La. Cock.* You may decline your Friendship, and  
By your coldness give him no encouragement  
To visit our Family,

*Sir Oliv.* I think thy advice the best for this once  
Indeed; for it is not fit to publish such a bus'ness:  
But if he shou'd be ever tempting or attempting,  
Let me know it, prithee my Dear.

*La. Cock.* If you moderate your self according  
To my directions now, I shall never conceal  
Any thing from you, that may increase your  
Just opinion of my conjugal fidelity.

*Sir Oliv.* Was ever man blest with such  
A virtuous Lady! Yet cannot I forbear going a [Aside]  
Ranging agen. Now must I to the Spring Garden  
To meet my Brother Jolly, and Madam Campan.

*La. Cock.* Prithee, be so good to think how  
Melancholly I spend my time here; for I have  
Joy in no company but thine, and let that  
Bring thee home a little sooner.

*Sir Oliv.* Thou hast been so kind in this discovery,  
That I am loth to leave thee.

*La. Cock.* I wish you had not been engag'd so far.

*Sir Oliv.* Ay, that's it: Farewel, my virtuous Dear.

[Exit Sir Oliver.]

*La. Cock.* Farewel, my Dearest Dear. I know  
He has not courage enough to question Courtal;  
But this will make him hate him, increase his  
Confidence of me, and justifie my banishing that  
False fellow our house; it is not fit a man that  
Has abus'd my Love, shou'd come hither, and pry  
Into my actions; besides, this will make his  
Access more difficult to that wanton Baggage.

*Enter Ariana and Gatty with their  
Hoods and Masks.*

Whither are you going, Cousins?

*Gat.* To take the Air upon the Water, Madam.

*Aria.* And for variety, to walk a turn or two  
In the new Spring-Garden.

*La. Cock.* I heard you were gone abroad  
With Mr. Courtal, and Mr. Freeman.

*Gat.*

*Gar.* For Heaven's sake, why shou'd your Ladship  
Have such an ill opinion of us?

*La. Cock.* The truth is, before I saw you, I believ'd  
It meerly the vanity of that prating man; Mr.  
*Courtal* told Mistress *Gate* this morning, that you  
Were so well acquainted already, that you  
Wou'd meet him and Mr. *Freeman* any where,  
And that you had promis'd 'em to receive  
And make appointment by Letters.

*Gar.* Oh impudent man!

*Aria.* Now you see the consequence, Sister,  
Of our rambling; they have rais'd this false story  
From our innocent fooling with 'em in the  
*Mulberry-Garden* last night.

*Gar.* I cou'd almost forswear ever speaking  
To a Man agen.

*La. Cock.* Was Mr. *Courtal* in the *Mulberry-  
Garden* last night?

*Aria.* Yes, Madam.

*La. Cock.* And did he speak to you?

*Gar.* There pass'd a little harmless Rallery  
Betwixt us; but you amaze me, Madam.

*Aria.* I cou'd not imagine any man could  
Be thus unworthy.

*La. Cock.* He has quite lost my good opinion  
Too: In duty to Sir *Oliver*, I have hitherto shou'd  
Him some countenance; but I shall hate him  
Hereafter for your sakes. But I detain you from  
Your Recreations, Cousins.

*Gar.* We are very much oblig'd to your  
Ladship for this timely notice.

*Aria. Gar.* Your Servant, Madam.

[*Ex. Arias and Garry.*]

*La. Cock.* Your servant, Cousins — in the  
*Mulberry-Garden* last night! when I sat languishing,  
And vainly expecting him at home: This has  
Incens'd me so, that I could kill him. I am glad  
These Girls are gone to the *Spring-Garden*; it  
Helps my design; the Letters I have counterfeited,  
Have appointed *Courtal* and *Freeman* to meet  
Them there, they will produce 'em, and confirm  
All I have said: I will daily poyson these Girls

With

With such lies as shall make their quarrel to  
*Courtal* irreconcilable, and render *Freeman*  
 Onely suspected; for I wou'd not have him  
 Thought equally guilty: He secretly began  
 To make an address to me at the *Bear*, and  
 This breach shall give him an opportunity  
 To pursue it.

*Enter Sentry.*

*Sent.* Here are your thing, Madam.

\* *La. Cock.* That's well: Oh *Sentry*! I shall once  
 More be happy; for now Mr. *Courtal* has given  
 Me an occasion, that I may without ingratitude  
 Check his unlawful passion, and free my self  
 From the trouble of an Intrigue, that gives me  
 Every day such fearful apprehensions of my honor.

[*Exit Lady Cockwood and Sentry.*]

## SCENE II.

*New Spring-Garden.*

*Enter Sir Joslin, Rake-hell, and Walter.*

*Walt.* Will you be pleas'd to walk into  
 An Arbor, Gentlemen?

*Sir Jos.* By and by, good Sir.

*Rake.* I wonder Sir *Oliver* is not come yet.

*Sir Jos.* Nay, he will not fail I warrant thee,  
 Boy; but what's the matter with thy Nose,  
 My little *Rake-hell*?

*Rake.* A foolish accident; jesting at the *Fleece*  
 This Afternoon, I mistook my man a little, a dull  
 Rogue that could not understand Raillery,  
 Made a sudden Repertee with a Quart-pot,  
*Sir Joslin.*

*Sir Jos.* Why didn't not thou stick him to the  
 Wall, my little *Rake-hell*?

*Rake.* The truth is, Sir *Joslin*, he deserv'd it;  
 But look you, in case of a doubtful wound,  
 I am unwilling to give my friends too often the  
 Trouble to bail me; and if it shou'd be

Mortal,

Mortal, you know a younger Brother has  
Not wherewithal to rebate the edge of a  
Witness, and mollifie the hearts of a Jury.

Sir *Jos.* This is very prudently consider'd indeed.

*Rake.* 'Tis time to be wise, Sir; my courage has  
Almost run me out of a considerable annuity.  
When I liv'd first about this Town, I agreed  
With a Surgeon for Twenty pounds a Quarter  
To cure me of all the Knocks, Bruises, and  
Green Wounds I shou'd receive, and in one half  
Year the poor Fellow beg'd me to be releas'd  
Of his bargain, and swore I wou'd undo him  
Else in Lint and Balsom.

*Enter Sir Oliver.*

Sir *Jos.* Ho! here's my Brother *Cockwood* come—

Sir *Oliv.* I, Brother *Jolly*, I have kept my word,  
You see; but 'tis a barbarous thing to abuse my  
Lady, I have had such a proof of her Vettue,  
I will tell thee all anon.

But where's Madam *Rampant*, and the rest of  
The Ladies, Mr. *Rake-hell*?

*Rake.* Faith, Sir, being disappointed at noon,  
They were unwilling any more to set a certainty  
At hazard: 'Tis Term-time, and they have  
Severally betook themselves, some to their  
Chamber-practice, and others to the places  
Of Publick Pleading.

Sir *Oliv.* Faith, Brother *Jolly*, let us ev'n go into  
An Arbor, and then segue Mr. *Rake-hell*.

Sir *Jos.* With all my heart, wou'd we had  
Madam *Rampant*.

*Sings.*

*She's as frolick and free,  
As her Lovers dare be,  
Never aw'd by a foolish Puntilio;  
She'll not start from her place,  
Though thou nam'st a black Ace,  
And will drink a Beer-Glass to Spudilio.*

I

Hey,



Hey, Boys ! Come, come, come ! let's in,  
And delay our sport no longer.

*Exit singing, She'll not start from her, &c.*

*Enter Courtal and Freeman severally.*

*Court. Freeman !*

*Free. Courtal, what the Devil's the matter with Thee ? I have observ'd thee prying up and down The Walks like a Citizen's Wife that has dropt Her Holiday Pocket handkercher.*

*Court. What unlucky Devil has brought thee hither ?*

*Free. I believe a better natur'd Devil than you, Courtal, if a Leveret be better Meat than an old Puss, that has been cours'd by most of the young Fellows of her Country : I am not working my Brain for a Counter-plot, a disappointment is not My bus'ness.*

*Court. You are mistaken, Freeman : Prithce be Gone, and leave me the Garden to my self; or I Shall grow as testy as an old Fowler that is put By his shoot, after he has crept half a mile Upon his belly.*

*Free. Prithce be thou gone, or I shall take it as Unkindly as a Chymist wou'd, if thou should'st Kick down his Limbeck in the very minute That he look'd for projection.*

*Court. Come, come, you must yield, Freeman, Your bus'ness cannot be of such consequence as mine.*

*Free. If ever thou had'st a bus'ness of such Consequence in thy life as mine is, I will condescend To be made incapable of affairs presently.*

*Court. Why, I have an appointment made me, Man, without my seeking, by a Woman for Whom I wou'd have mortgag'd my whole Estate to have had her abroad but to break A Cheese-cake.*

*Free. And I have an appointment made me without My seeking too, by such a she, that I will break the Whole Ten Commandments, rather than Disappoint her of her breaking one.*

*Court. Come, you do but jest, Freeman, a forsaken Mistress cou'd not be more malicious than thou Art : Prithce be gone.*

*Free.*

*Free.* Prithee do thou be gone.

*Court.* 'Sdeath! the sight of thee will scare  
My Woman for ever.

*Free.* 'Sdeath! the sight of thee will make my  
Woman believe me the falsest Villain breathing.

*Court.* We shall stand fooling till we are both  
Undone, and I know not how to help it.

*Free.* Let us proceed honestly like Friends,  
Discover the truth of things to one another, and  
If we cannot reconcile our business, we will  
Draw Cuts, and part fairly.

*Court.* I do not like that way: for talk is easily  
Allowable at the latter end of an Intrigue, and  
Shou'd never be us'd at the beginning of an  
Amor, for fear of frightening a young Lady from  
Her good intentions—yet I assure not, though I  
Read the Letter, but I will conceal the name.

*Free.* I have a Letter too, and am content  
To do the same.

*Court. Reads.* Sir, in sending you this Letter, I  
Proceed against the modesty of our Sex—

*Free.* 'Sdeath, this begins just like my Letter.

*Court.* Do you read on then—

*Free. Reads.* But let not the good opinion I have  
Conceiv'd of you, make you too severe in your  
Censuring of me—

*Court.* Word for word.

*Free.* Now do you read agen

*Court. Reads.* If you give your self the trouble to be  
Walking in the new Spring-Garden this Evening, I  
Will meet you there, and tell you a secret, which  
I have reason to fear, because it comes to your  
Knowledge by my means, will you make you hate  
Your humble Servant.

*Free. Verbatim my Letter, Hey-day!*

*Court.* Prithee lets compare the hands.

[They compare 'em.

*Free.* 'Sdeath, the hand's the same.

*Court.* I hope the name is not the same too—

*Free.* If it be, we are finely jilted, faith.

*Court.* I long to be undeceiv'd, prithee do  
Thou show first, Freeman.

*Free.* No—but both together, if you will.

*Court.* Agreed.

*Free.* Ariana.

*Court.* Gatty—Ha, ha, ha.

*Free.* The little Rogues are masculine in their Proceedings, and have made one another Confidants in their Love.

*Court.* But I do not like this altogether so well;

*Franck;* I wish they had appointed us several Places: For though 'tis evident they have Trusted one another with the bargain, no Woman ever Seal before Witnesses.

*Free.* Prithce how didst thou escape the snares Of the old Devil this Afternoon?

*Court.* With much ado: *Sentry* had set me; if her Ladiship had got me into her clutches, there Had been no getting off without a rescue, Or paying down the Money; for she Always Arrests upon Execution.

*Free.* You made a handsom lie to her Woman.

*Court.* For all this, I know she's angry; for she Thinks nothing a just excuse in these cases, Though it were to save the forfeit of a Mans Estate, or reprieve the life of her own Natural Brother.

*Free.* Faith, thou hast not done altogether like A Gentleman with her; thou should'st fast thy Self up to a stomach now and then, to oblige Her; if there were nothing in it, but the hearty Welcome, methinks 'twere enough to make thee Bear sometimes with the homeliness of the fare.

*Court.* I know not what I might do in a Camp, Where there were no other Woman; but I shall Hardly in this Town, where there is such plenty, Forbear good meat, to get my self an Appetite to Horf-flesh.

*Free.* This is rather an aversion in thee, then any Real fault in the Woman; if this lucky bus'ness Had not fallen out, I intended with your good Leave to have out-bid you for her Ladiships Favor.

*Court.* I should never have consented to that, *Franck;* Though

Though I am a little resty at present, I am not such  
A Jade, but I should strain if another rid against  
Me; I have e'er now lik'd nothing in a Woman  
That I have lov'd at last in sight onely,  
Because another had a mind to her.

*Free.* Yonder are a couple of Vizards tripping  
Towards us.

*Court.* 'Tis they, I faith.

*Free.* We need not divide, since they come together.

*Court.* I was a little afraid when we compar'd  
Letters, they had put a trick upon us; but now I  
Am confirm'd they are mighty honest.

*Enter Ariana and Gatty.*

*Aria.* We cannot avoid 'em.

*Gat.* Let us dissemble our knowledge of their  
Bus'ness a little, and then take 'em down in  
The height of their assurance.

*Court. Free.* Your Servant, Ladies.

*Aria.* I perceive it is as impossible, Gentlemen,  
To walk without you, as without our shadows;  
Never were poor Women so haunted by the  
Ghosts of their self-murdered Lovers.

*Gat.* If it should be our good Fortunes to have  
You in love with us, we will take care you  
Shall not grow desperate, and leave the  
World in an ill humor.

*Aria.* If you shou'd, certainly your ghosts  
Would be very malicious.

*Court.* 'I were pity you should have your Curtains  
Drawn in the dead of the night, and your pleasing  
Slumbers interrupted by any thing but flesh  
And blood, Ladies.

*Free.* Shall we walk a turn?

*Aria.* By your selves, if you please.

*Gat.* Our company may put a constraint upon  
You; for I find you daily hover about these  
Gardens, as a Kite does about a backside,  
Watching an opportunity to catch up the Poultry.

*Aria.* Wo be to the Daughter or Wife of some  
Merchant-Taylor, or poor Felt-maker now;  
For you seldom row to Fox-hall without

Some

Some such Plot against the City.

*Free.* You wrong us, Ladies, our business has  
Happily succeeded, since we have the  
Honor to wait upon you.

*Gat.* You could not expect to see us here.

*Court.* Your true Lover, Madam, when he misses  
His Mistress, is as restless as a Spaniel that has  
Lost his Master; he ranges up and down  
The Plays, the Park, and all the Gardens, and  
Never stays long, but where he has the  
Happiness to see her.

*Gat.* I suppose your Mistress, Mr. Courtal, is  
Always the last Woman you are acquainted with.

*Court.* Do not think, Madam, I have that false  
Measure of my acquaintance, which Poets have  
Of their Verses, always to think the last best,  
Though I esteem you so, in justice to your merit.

*Gat.* Or if you do not love her best, you always  
Love to talk of her most; as a barren Coxcomb  
That wants discourse, is ever entertaining  
Company out of the last Book he read in.

*Court.* Now you accuse me most unjustly, Madam;  
Who the Devil, that has common sense, will go a  
Birding with a Clack in his Cap?

*Aria.* Nay, we do not blame you, Gentlemen,  
Every one in their way; a Huntsman talks of his  
Dogs, a Falconer of his Hawks, a Jockey of  
His Horse, and a Gallant of his Mistress.

*Gat.* Without the allowance of this Vanity, an  
Amor would soon grow as dull as Matrimony.

*Court.* Whatsoever you say, Ladies, I cannot  
Believe you think us men of such abominable  
Principles.

*Free.* For my part, I have ever held it as ingrateful  
To boast of the favors of a Mistress, as to deny  
The courtesies of a Friend.

*Court.* A Friend that bravely ventures his life in  
The field to serve me, deserves but equally with  
A Mistress that kindly exposes her Honor to  
Oblige me, especially when she does it as  
Generously too, and with as little ceremony.

*Free.* And I would no more betray the Honor

Of



Of such a Woman, then I would the life of a  
Man that shou'd rob on purpose to supply me.

*Gat.* We believe you Men of Honor, and know  
It is below you to talk of any Woman that deserves it.

*Aria.* You are so generous, you seldom insult  
After a Victory.

*Gat.* And so vain, that you always triumph  
Before it.

*Court.* 'Sdeath! what's the meaning of all this?

*Gat.* Though you find us so kind, Mr. *Courtal*,  
Pray do not tell Mistress *Gazer* to morrow, that  
We came hither on purpose this Evening  
To meet you.

*Court.* I wou'd as soon Print it, and see a Fellow  
To post it up with the Play-bills.

*Gat.* You have repos'd a great deal of confidence  
In her, for all you pretend this ill opinion  
Of her secrecy now.

*Court.* I never trusted her with the name of a  
Mistress, that I should be jealous of, if I saw her  
Receive fruit, and go out of the Play-  
House with a stranger.

*Gat.* For ought as I see, we are infinitely  
Oblig'd to you, Sir.

*Court.* 'Tis impossible to be insensible of so  
Much goodness, Madam.

*Gat.* What goodness, pray Sir?

*Court.* Come, come, give over this Raillery.

*Gat.* You are so ridiculously unworthy, that 'twere  
A folly to reprove you with a serious look.

*Court.* On my Conscience, your heart begins to  
Fail you now we are coming to the point, as a  
Young Fellow's that was never in the field before.

*Gat.* You begin to amaze me.

*Court.* Since you your self sent the challenge,  
You must not in Honor flie off now.

*Gat.* Challenge! Oh Heavens! this confirms  
All: Were I a Man, I would kill thee for the  
Injuries thou hast already done me.

*Free. to Aria.* Let not your suspicion of my  
Unkindness make you thus scrupulous; was ever  
Ciry ill treated, that surrendred without Assault

Or



Or Summons?

*Aria.* Dear Sister, what ill Spirit brought us  
Hither? I never met with so much impudence  
In my life.

*Court. aside.* Hey Jilts! they are as good as it  
Already, as the old one i' faith.

*Free.* Come, Ladies, you have exercis'd your  
Wit enough; you wou'd not venture Letters  
Of such consequence for a jest onely.

*Gat.* Letters! Bless me, what will this come to?

*Court.* To that none of us shall have cause to  
Repent I hope, Madam.

*Aria.* Let us flie 'em, Sister, they are Devils,  
And not men, they could never be so  
Malicious else.

*Enter Lady Cockwood and Sentry.*

*La. Cock.* Your Servant, Cofins.

*Court. starting.* Ho my Lady Cockwood! My ears  
Are grown an inch already.

*Aria.* My Lady! She'll think this an appointment,  
Sister.

*Free.* This is Madam Matchiavil, I suspect, *Courtal.*

*Court.* Nay, 'tis her plot doubtless: Now am I  
As much out of countenance, as I should be if Sir Oliver  
Should take me making bold with her Ladiship.

*La. Cock.* Do not let me discompose you,  
I can walk alone, Cofins.

*Gat.* Are you so uncharitable, Madam, to think  
We have any business with 'em?

*Aria.* It has been our ill fortune to meet 'em  
Here, and nothing could be so lucky as your  
Coming, Madam, to free us from 'em

*Gat.* They have abus'd us in the grossest manner.

*Aria.* Counterfeited Letters under our hands.

*La. Cock.* Never trouble your selves, Cofins, I  
Have heard this is a common practice with such  
Unworthy men: Did they not threaten to divulge  
Them, and defame you to the World?

*Gat.* We cannot believe they intend any thing  
Less, Madam.

*La.*

*La. Cock.* Doubtless, they had such a mean opinion  
Of your Wit and Honor, that they thought to  
Fright you to a base compliance with their  
Wicked purposes.

*Aria.* I hate the very sight of 'em.

*Gat.* I could almost wish my self a disease, to  
Breathe infection upon 'em.

*Court.* Very pretty! we have carried on our designs  
Very luckily against these young Ladies.

*Free.* We have lost their good opinion for ever.

*La. Cock.* I know not whether their folly or their  
Impudence be greater, they are not worth your  
Anger, they are onely fit to be laugh'd at, and despis'd.

*Court.* A very fine old Devil this!

*La. Cock.* Mr. *Freeman*, this is not like a Gentleman,  
To affront a couple of young Ladies thus; but I  
Cannot blame you so much, you are in a manner a  
Stranger to our Family: But I wonder how that  
Base man can look me in the face, considering  
How civilly he has been treated at our house.

*Court.* The truth is, Madam, I am a Rascal; but I  
Fear you have contributed to the making me so:  
Be not as unmerciful as the Devil is to a poor sinner.

*Sent.* Did you ever see the like? Never trust  
Me, if he has not the confidence to make my  
Vertuous Lady accessory to his wickedness.

*La. Cock.* Ay *Sentry*! 'tis a miracle, if my Honor  
Escapes, considering the access which his greatness  
With Sir *Oliver* has given him daily to me.

*Free.* Faith, Ladies, we did not counterfeit these  
Letters, we are abus'd as well as you.

*Court.* I receiv'd mine from a Porter at the Kings  
Play-house, and I will show it you, that you may  
See if you know the hand.

*La. Cock.* *Sentry*, are you sure they never saw  
Any of your Writing?

*Court.* 'Sdeath! I am so discompos'd, I know  
Not where I have put it.

*Sent.* Oh Madam! now I remember my self,  
Mistress *Gatty* help'd me once to indite a Letter  
To my Sweet-heart.

*La. Cock.* Forgetful Wench! then I am undone.

K

Court.

*Courts.* Oh here it is— Hey, who's here?  
*[As he has the Letter in hand, enters Sir Jossin, Sir Oliver, and Rake, all drunk, with Musick.]*

*They sing.*  
 She's no Mistress of mine  
 That drinks not her Wine,  
 Or frowns at my Friends drinking motions;  
 If my Heart thou would'st gain,  
 Drink thy Bottle of Champaign.  
*'Twill serve thee for Paint and Love-potions.*

*Sir Oliv.* Who's here? *Courtsal*, in my Ladies Company! I'll dispatch him presently;  
 Help me, Brother *Jolly*. *He draws.*

*La. Cock.* For Heavens sake, *Sir Oliver*!

*Courtsal drawing.* What do you mean, *Sir*?

*Sir Oliv.* I'll teach you more manners, then  
 To make your attempts on my Lady, *Sir*.

*La. Cock, and Sentr.* Oh! Murder, Murder! *[They shriek.]*

*La. Cock.* Save my dear *Sir Oliver*, Oh my  
 Dear *Sir Oliver*!  
*[The young Ladies shriek and run out, they all draw to part 'em, they fight off the Stage, she shrieks and runs out.]*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

### *Sir Oliver's Dining-Room.*

*Enter Lady Cockwood, Table, and Carpet.*

*La. Cock.* I Did not think he had been so desperate in  
 His drink; if they had kill'd one another,  
 I had then been reveng'd, and freed from all my  
 Fears— *Sentry*, your carelessness and  
 Forgetfulness some time or other will undo me;  
 Had not *Sir Oliver*, and *Sir Jossin*, came so luckily  
*[Enter Sentry.]*

Into

Into the Garden, the Letters had been discover'd,  
And my Honor left to the mercy of a false man,  
And two young fleeing Girls: Did you speak  
To Mr. Freeman unperceiv'd in the hurry?

*Sent.* I did, Madam; and he promis'd me to disengage  
Himself as soon as possibly he could, and wait  
Upon your Ladiship with all secrecy.

*La. Cock.* I have some reason to believe him  
A Man of Honor.

*Sent.* Methinks indeed his very look, Madam,  
Speaks him to be much more a Gentleman  
Than Mr. Courtal; but I was unwilling before  
Now to let your Ladiship know my opinion, for  
Fear of offending your inclinations.

*La. Cock.* I hope by his means to get these Letters  
Into my own hands, and so prevent the inconveniencies  
They may bring upon my Honor.

*Sent.* I wonder, Madam, what should be Sir  
Oliver's quarrel to Mr. Courtal.

*La. Cock.* You know how apt he is to be suspicious  
In his drink; 'tis very likely he thought Mr. Courtal  
Betray'd him at the Bear to day.

*Sent.* Pray Heav'n he be not jealous of your  
Ladiship, finding you abroad so unexpectedly; if  
He be, we shall have a sad hand of him when he  
Comes home, Madam.

*La. Cock.* I should have apprehended it much  
My self, *Sentry*, if his drunkenness had not unadvisedly  
Engag'd him in his quarrel; as soon as he grows a  
Little sober, I am sure his fear will bring him  
Home, and make him apply himself to me, with  
All humility and kindness; for he is ever under-  
Hand fain to use my interest and discretion to  
Make friends to compound these businesses,  
Or to get an order for the securing his  
Person and his Honor.

*Sent.* I believe verily, Mr. Courtal wou'd have  
Been so rude to have kill'd him, if Mr. Freeman and  
The rest had not civilly interpos'd their Weapons.

*La. Cock.* Heavens forbid! though he be a wicked  
Man, I am oblig'd in duty to love him: Whither  
Did my Cousins go after we came home; *Sentry*?

*Sent.* They are at the next door, Madam, laughing and playing at Lantrelou, with my old Lady Love-youth and her Daughters.

*La. Cock.* I hope they will not come home then To interrupt my affairs with Mr. Freeman.

[Knocking without]  
Hark! some body knocks, it may be him, Run down quickly.

*Sent.* I fie, Madam.

*Exit Sentry.*

*La. Cock.* Now if he has a real inclination for my Person, I'll give him a handsome opportunity To reveal it.

*Enter Sentry and Freeman.*

*Free.* Your Servant, Madam.

*La. Cock.* Oh Mr. Freeman! this unlucky accident Has rob'd me of all my quiet; I am almost distracted With thinking of the danger Sir Oliver's dear Life is in.

*Free.* You need not fear, Madam, all things will Be reconcil'd again to morrow.

*Sent.* You wou'd not blame my Ladies Apprehensions, did you but know the Tenderness of her affections,

*La. Cock.* Mr. Courtal is a false and merciless man.

*Free.* He has always own'd a great respect for Your Ladiship, and I never heard him mention You with the least dishonor.

*La. Cock.* He cannot without injuring the truth, Heaven knows my innocence: I hope you did Not let him know, Sir, of your coming hither.

*Free.* I shou'd never merit the happiness to wait Upon you again, had I so abus'd this extraordinary Favor, Madam.

*La. Cock.* If I have done any thing unbefecming My Honor, I hope you will be just, Sir, and Impute it to my fear; I know no man so proper To compose this unfortunate difference as Your self, and if a Ladies tears and prayers Have power to move you to compassion, I Know you will imploy your utmost endeavor To preserve me, my dear Sir Oliver.

*Free.*

*Fre.* Do not, Madam, afflict your self so much,  
I dare engage my life, his Life and Honor shall  
Be both secure.

*La. Cock.* You are truly noble, Sir; I was so  
Distracted with my fears, that I cannot well  
Remember how we parted at the *Spring-Garden*.

*Fre.* We all divided, Madam, after your *Ladiship*  
And the young Ladies were gone together; Sir  
*Oliver*, Sir *Joslin*, and the company with them,  
Took one Boat, and Mr. *Courtal* and I another.

*La. Cock.* Then I need not apprehend their  
Meeting again to night.

*Fre.* You need not, Madam; I left Mr. *Courtal* in  
His Chamber, wondering what shou'd make  
Sir *Oliver* draw upon him, and fretting and  
Fuming about the Trick that was put upon  
Us with the Letters to day.

*La. Cock.* Oh! I had almost forgot my self; I  
Assure you, Sir, those Letters were sent by one  
That has no inclination to be an enemy of yours.

[Knocking below.

*Exit Sentry.*

Some body knocks.

If it be Sir *Oliver*, I am undone, he will hate me  
Mortally, if he does but suspect I use any secret  
Means to hinder him from justifying his  
Reputation honorably to the World.

*Enter Sentry.*

*Sent.* Oh Madam! Here is Mr. *Courtal* below in  
The Entry, discharging a Coach-man; I told  
Him your *Ladiship* was busie, but he wou'd  
Not hear me, and I find, do what I can,  
He will come up.

*La. Cock.* I wou'd not willingly suspect you, Sir.

*Fre.* I have deceiv'd him, Madam, in my coming  
Hither, and am as unwilling he shou'd find me  
Here, as you can be.

*La. Cock.* He will not believe my innocent business  
With you, but will raise a new Scandal on my  
Honor, and publish it to the whole Town.

*Sent.* Let him step into the Clofet, Madam.

*La. Cock.* Quick Sir, quick, I beseech you, I will  
Send him away again immediately.

*Enter*



Enter Courtal.

*La. Cock.* Mr. Courtal! Have you no sense of Honor nor modesty left? after so many injuries, To come into our House, and without my Approbation rudely prels upon my Retirement thus?

*Court.* Pray, Madam, hear my business.

*La. Cock.* Thy business is maliciously to pursue My ruine; thou comest with a base design to have Sir Oliver catch thee here, and destroy the Onely happiness I have.

*Court.* I come, Madam, to beg your pardon for The fault I did unwillingly commit, and to know Of you the reason of Sir Oliver's quarrel to me.

*La. Cock.* Thy guilty conscience is able to tell Thee that, Vain and ungrateful man!

*Court.* I am innocent, Madam, of all things that May offend him; and I am sure, if you would But hear me, I shou'd remove the Justice Of your quarrel too.

*La. Cock.* You are mistaken, Sir, if you think I am concern'd for your going to the Spring Garden This Evening; my quarrel is the same with Sir Oliver, and is so just, that thou deserv'st to Be payson'd for what thou hast done.

*Court.* Pray, Madam, let me know my fault.

*La. Cock.* I blush to think upon't: Sir Oliver, since We came from the Bear, has heard something Thou hast said concerning me; but what it is, I cou'd not get him to discover: He told me 'twas Enough for me to know he was satisfi'd of My innocence.

*Court.* This is meer Passion, Madam.

*La. Cock.* This is the usual revenge of such base Men as thou art, when they cannot compass Their ends, with their venomous tongues To blast the Honor of a Lady.

*Court.* This is a sudden alteration, Madam; within These few hours you had a kinder opinion of me.

*La. Cock.* 'Tis no wonder you brag of favors Behind my back, that have the impudence to

Up.

Upbraid me with kindness to my face; dost  
Thou think I could ever have a good thought of  
Thee, whom I have always found so treacherous  
In thy friendship to Sir Oliver?

*Knock at the door.*

*Enter Sentry.*

*Sent.* Off Madam! here is Sir Oliver come home.

*La. Cock.* O Heavens! I shall be believ'd guilty  
Now, and he will kill us both.

*Court.* I warrant you, Madam, I'll defend you.

*La. Cock.* Oh! there will be Murder,  
For Heavens sake, Sir, hide your self in some  
Corner or other.

*Court.* I'll step into that Closet, Madam.

*Sent.* Hold, hold, Sir, by no means; his  
And his Tobacco-Box lie there, and he  
Always goes in to fetch 'em.

*La. Cock.* Your malice will soon be at an end  
Heaven knows what will be the fatal consequence  
Of your being found here.

*Sent.* Madam, let him creep under the Table,  
The Carpet is long enough to hide him.

*La. Cock.* Have you good Nature enough to  
Save the Life and Reputation of a Lady?

*Court.* Any thing to oblige you, Madam.

*[He goes under the Table.]*

*La. Cock, running to the Closet.* Be sure you do not stir, Sir,  
Whatsoever happens.

*Court.* Not unless he pulls me out by the Ears.

*Sent.* Good! he thinks my Lady speaks to him.

*Enter Sir Oliver.*

*La. Cock.* My dear Sir Oliver—

*Sir Oliv.* I am unworthy of this kindness, Madam.

*La. Cock.* Nay, I intend to chide you for your  
Naughtiness anon; but I cannot chide but hug  
Thee, and kiss thee a little first; I was afraid  
I shou'd never have had thee alive with in  
These arms agen.

*Sir Oliv.* Your goodness does to increase my  
Shame, I know not what to say, Madam.

*La. Cock.* Well, I am glad I have thee safe at

Home

Home, I will lock thee up above in my Chamber,  
And will not so much as trust thee down stairs,  
Till there be an end of this quarrel.

Sir Oliv. I was so little my self, I knew not what  
I did, else I had not expos'd my person to so  
Much danger before thy face.

Sentr. 'Twas cruelly done, Sir, knowing the killing  
Concerns my Lady has for you.

La. Cock. If Mr. Courtal had kill'd thee, I was  
Resolv'd not to survive thee; but before I had  
Dy'd, I wou'd have dearly reveng'd thy Murder.

Sir Oliv. As soon as I had recollected my self a  
Little, I cou'd not rest till I came home to give thee  
This satisfaction, that I will do nothing without  
Thy advice and approbation, my dear: I know  
Thy love makes thy life depend upon mine,  
And it is unreasonable I shou'd upon my own  
Rash head hazard that, though it be for the  
Justification of thy Honor.

Uds me, I have let fall a China-Orange that  
Was recommended to me for one of the best  
That came over this year; 'Tis light the Candle,

Sentry, 'tis run under the Table. [Knock.

La. Cock. Oh, I am not well!

[Sentry takes up the Candle, there is a great knock-  
ing at the door, she runs away with the Candle.

Sentr. Oh Heaven! who's that that knocks  
So hastily?

Sir Oliv. Why, Sentry, bring back the Candle;  
Are you mad to leave us in the dark, and your  
Lady not well? how is it, my Dear?

La. Cock. For Heavens sake run after her, Sir Oliver,  
Snatch the Candle out of her hand, and teach  
Her more manners.

Sir Oliv. I will, my Dear.

La. Cock. What shall I do? Was ever Woman  
So unfortunate in the management of affairs!

Court. What will become of me now?

La. Cock. It must be so, I had better trust my  
Honor to the mercy of them two, then be  
Betray'd to my Husband: Mr. Courtal, give  
Me your hand quickly, I beseech you.

Court.

*Court.* Here, here, Madam, what's to be done now?

*La. Cock.* I will put you into the Closet, Sir.

*Court.* He'll be coming in for his Tobacco-box  
And Pipes.

*La. Cock.* Never fear that, Sir.

*Freeman out of* Now shall I be discover'd; *For*  
*the Closet-door.* On your honorable intelligence,  
Wou'd I were safe at *Gifford's*.

*La. Cock.* Here, here, Sir, this is the door,

Whatsoever you feel, be not frighted; for

Shou'd you make the least disturbance,

You will destroy the life, and what is more,

The Honor of an unfortunate Lady.

*Court.* So, so, if you have occasion to remove  
Agen, make no Ceremony, Madam.

*Enter Sir Oliver, Sentry, Ariana, Gatty.*

*Sir Oliv.* Here is the Candle, how dost thou,  
My dear?

*La. Cock.* I cou'd not imagine, *Sentry*, you had  
Been so ill bred, to run away, and leave your  
Master and me in the dark.

*Sent.* I thought there had been another Candle  
Upon the Table, Madam.

*La. Cock.* Good! you thought! you are always  
Excusing of your carelessness, such another  
Mildemeanor—

*Sir Oliv.* Prithee, my Dear, forgive her.

*La. Cock.* The truth is, I ought not to be very  
Angry with her at present, 'tis a good natur'd  
Creature: She was so frighted, for fear of  
Thy being mischief'd in the *Spring-Garden*,  
That I verily believe she scarce knows  
What she does yet.

*Sir Oliv.* Light the Candle, *Sentry*, that I  
May look for my Orange.

*La. Cock.* You have been at my Lady *Love-youth's*,  
Cofins, I hear.

*Aria.* We have, Madam.

*Gat.* She charg'd us to remember her service to you.

*Sir Oliv.* So, here it is, my Dear, I brought it  
Home on purpose for thee:

Item 2

L

La.

*La. Cock.* 'Tis so lovely Orange indeed! Thank you  
My Dear; I am so discompos'd with the fright  
I have had, that I ~~will~~ <sup>can</sup> be at rest.

*Sir Oliv.* Get a Candle, *Sentry*: Will you go  
To bed, my Dear?

*La. Cock.* With all my heart, *Sir Oliver*: 'Tis late  
Cosins, you had best retire to your Chamber too.

*Gat.* We shall not stay long here, Madam.

*Sir Oliv.* Come, my Dear.

*La. Cock.* Good night, Cosins.

*Gat. & Aria.* Your Servant, Madam.

[*Exeunt Sir Oliver, Lady Cockwood, and Sentry.*]

*Aria.* I cannot but think of those Letters, Sister.

*Gat.* That is, you cannot but think of Mr. Freeman,  
Sister; I perceive he runs in thy head as much as  
A new Gown uses to do in the Countrey, the  
Night before 'tis expected from London.

*Aria.* You need not talk, for I am sure the losses  
Of an unlucky Gamester are not more his  
Meditation, than Mr. *Churcho* is yours.

*Gat.* He has made some slight impression on my  
Memory, I confess; but I hope a night will  
Wear him out again, as it does the noise  
Of a Fiddle after Dancing.

*Aria.* Love, like some stains, will wear out of it  
Self, I know, but not in such a little time as  
You talk of, Sister.

*Gat.* It cannot last longer than the stain of a  
Mulberry at most; the next season out that goes,  
And my heart cannot be long unfruitful, sure.

*Aria.* Well I cannot believe they forg'd these  
Letters; what shou'd be their end?

*Gat.* That you may easily guess at; but methinks  
They took a very improper way to compass it.

*Aria.* It looks more like the malice or jealousy  
Of a Woman, than the design of two witty men.

*Gat.* If this shou'd prove a Fetch of her Ladships  
Now, that is a playing the loving Hypocrite  
Above with her dear *Sir Oliver*.

*Aria.* How unluckily we were interrupted, when  
They were going to show us the hand!

*Gat.* That might have discover'd all: I have a

Small



Small suspicion, that there has been a little  
Familiarity between her Lordship and  
Mr. Courtal.

*Aria.* Our finding of 'em together in the Exchange,  
And several passages I observ'd at the Bear, have  
Almost made me of the same opinion.

*Gat.* Yet I wou'd fain believe the continuance  
Of it is more her desire, than his inclination:  
That which makes me mistrust him most, is her  
Knowing we made 'em an appointment.

*Aria.* If she were jealous of Mr. Courtal, she  
Wou'd not be jealous of Mr. Freeman too; they  
Both pretend to have receiv'd Letters.

*Gat.* There is something in it more than we are  
Able to imagine; time will make it out, I hope,  
To the advantage of the Gentlemen.

*Aria.* I wou'd gladly have it so; for I believe,  
Shou'd they give us a just cause, we should find it  
A hard task to hate them.

*Gat.* How I love the Song I learnt Pother day,  
Since I saw them in the Mulberry-Garden!

*She sings.*

To little or no purpose I spent many days,  
In ranging the Park, the Exchange, and the Plays;  
For ne'er in my rambles, till now, did I prove  
So lucky to meet with the Man I cou'd love.

Oh! how I am pleas'd, when I think on this Man,  
That I find I must love, let me do what I can!

How long I shall love him, I can no more tell,  
Then had I a Fever, when I shou'd be well;  
My Passion shall kill me before I will know it,  
And yet I wou'd give all the World he did know it:  
But oh how I sigh, when I think shou'd he woo me,  
I cannot deny what I know you'd undo me!

*Aria.* Fie, Sister, thou art so wanton.

*Gat.* I hate to dissemble when I need not;  
'Twou'd look as affected in us to be reserv'd  
Now w're alone, as for a Player to maintain  
The Character she acts in the Tying-room.



*Aria.* Prithee sing a good Song.

*Gai.* Now art thou for a melancholly Madrigal,  
Compos'd by some amorous Coxcomb, who  
Swears in all companies he loves his Mistress  
So well, that he wou'd not do her the injury,  
Were she willing to grant him the favor,  
And it may be is Sor enough to believe he  
Wou'd oblige her in keeping his oath too.

*Aria.* Well, I will reach thee thy Guitar out of  
The Closet, to take thee off of this subject.

*Gai.* I'd rather be a Nun, than a lover at  
Thy rate; devotion is not able to make  
Me half so serious as Love has made  
Thee already.

[*Ariana opens the Closet, Courtal and Freeman come out.*]

*Court.* Ha, *Freeman*! Is this your bus'ness  
With a Lawyer? here's a new discovery, i' faith!

[*They shriek and run out.*]

*Free.* Peace, man, I will satisfy your jealousy  
Hereafter; since we have made this lucky  
Discovery, let us mind the present bus'nesses.

[*Courtal and Freeman catch the Ladies,  
and bring them back.*]

*Court.* Nay, Ladies, now we have caught you,  
There is no escaping till we are come to a right  
Understanding.

*Enter Lady Cockwood, and Sir Oliver, and Sentry.*

*Free.* Come, never blush, we are as loving as  
You can be for your hearts, I assure you.

*Court.* Had it not been our good Fortunes to  
Have been conceal'd here, you wou'd have  
Had ill nature enough to dissemble with  
Us at least a fortnight longer.

*La. Cock.* What's the matter with you here?  
Are you mad, *Colins*? Bless me, Mr. *Courtal*  
And Mr. *Freeman* in our house at these  
Unseasonable hours!

*Sir Oliv.* Fetch me down my long Sword, *Sentry*,  
I lay my life *Courtal* has been tempting the  
Honor of the young Ladies.

*La. Cock.* Oh my Dear!

[*She holds him.*]

*Gai.*

*Gen.* We are almost scared out of our wits.  
My Sister went to reach my Guitar out of the  
Closet, and found 'em both shut up there.

*La. Cock.* Come, come, this will not serve your  
Turn, I am afraid you had a design secretly  
To convey 'em into your Chamber. Well,  
I will have no more of these doings in my  
Family, my Dear; Sir *Joslin* shall remove  
These Girls to morrow.

*Free.* You injure the young Ladies, Madam;  
Their surprize shews their innocence.

*Court.* If any body be to blame, it is Mistress *Sentry*.

*Sent.* What mean you, Sir? Heaven knows  
I know no more of their being here —

*Court.* Nay, nay, Mistress *Sentry*, you need not  
Be asham'd to own the doing of a couple of  
Young Gentlemen such a good office.

*Sent.* Do not think to put your tricks upon me, Sir.

*Court.* Understanding by Mistress *Sentry*, Madam,  
That these young Ladies wou'd very likely  
Sit and talk in the Dining-Room an hour before  
They went to Bed, of the accidents of the  
Day, and being impatient to know whether  
That unlucky bus'ness which happen'd in  
The *Spring-Garden*, about the Letters, had  
Quite destroy'd our hopes of gaining their  
Esteem; for a small sum of Money Mr. *Freedman*  
And I obtain'd the favor of her to shut us  
Up where we might over-hear 'em.

*La. Cock.* Is this the truth, *Sentry*?

*Sent.* I humbly beg your pardon, Madam.

*La. Cock.* A Ladies Honor is not safe, that keeps  
A Servant so subject to corruption; I will turn  
Her out of my Service for this. [Aside.]

*Sir Oliv.* Good! I was suspicious their bus'nesses  
Had been with my Lady at first.

*La. Cock.* Now will I be in charity with him  
Agen, for putting this off so handsomly.

*Sir Oliv.* Hark you my Dear, shall I forbid  
Mr. *Courtal* my house?

*La. Cock.* Oh! by no means, my Dear; I had  
Forgot to tell thee, since I acquainted thee with

That

That bus'ness, I have been discoursing with my Lady Love-jouth, and she blam'd me infinitely for letting thee know it, and laugh'd exceedingly At me, believing Mr. Courtal intended thee No injury, and told me 'twas only a harmless Gallantry, which his French breeding Has us'd him to.

Sir Oliv. Faith, I am apt enough to believe it; For on my conscience, he is a very honest Fellow. Ned Courtal! how the Devil came it about That thee and I fell to Sa, fa, in the Spring-Garden?

Court. You are best able to resolve your Self that, Sir Oliver.

Sir Oliv. Well, the Devil take me, if I had the Least unkindness for thee—Prithce let us Embrace and kiss, and be as good Friends As ever we were, dear Rogue.

Court. I am so reasonable, Sir Oliver, that I will Ask no other satisfaction for the injury you have Done me.

Free. Here's the Letter, Madam.

Aria. Sister, look here, do you know this hand?

Gat. 'Tis Sentries.

La. Cock. Oh Heavens! I shall be ruin'd yet.

Gat. She has been the contriver of all this mischief.

Court. Nay, now you lay too much to her charge In this; she was but my Ladies Secretary, I Assure you, she has discover'd the whole Plot to us.

Sent. What does he mean?

La. Cock. Will he betray me at last?

Court. My Lady being in her Nature severely Vertuous, is, it seems, offended at the innocent Freedom you take in rambling up and down By your selves; which made her, out of a Tenderness to your Reputations, counterfeit These Letters, in hopes to fright you to that Reservedness which she approves of.

La. Cock. This has almost redeem'd my opinion Of his Honor.

Cosins, the little regard you had to the good

Counsel

Counsel I gave you, put me upon this, which I will do, and  
Business.

*Gas.* Pray, Madam, what was it *Mistress Gaster* told you concerning us?

*La. Cock.* Nothing, nothing. *Cofins.* What I told you of Mr. *Courtal*, was meer invention; the Better to carry on my design for your good.

*Court.* *Freeman!* Pray what brought you hither?

*Free.* A kind Summons from her Ladyship.

*Court.* Why did you conceal it from me?

*Free.* I was afraid thy peevish jealousy might Have destroy'd the design I had of getting an Opportunity to clear our selves to the Young Ladies.

*Court.* Fortune has been our friend in this Beyond expectation.

To the Ladies. I hope, Ladies, you are satisfi'd Of our innocence now.

*Gas.* Well; had you been found guilty of them Letters, we were resolv'd to have counterfeited Two Contracts under your hands, and have Suborn'd Witnesses to swear 'em.

*Aria.* That had been a full revenge, for I know You wou'd think it as great a scandal to be Thought to have an inclination for Marriage, As we shou'd to be believ'd willing to take Our freedom without it.

*Court.* The more probable thing, Ladies, had Been onely to pretend a Promise, we have Now and then courage enough to venture so far For a valuable consideration.

*Gas.* The truth is, such experienc'd Gentlemen As you are, seldom mortgage your persons Without it be to redeem your estates.

*Court.* 'Tis a mercy we have 'scap'd the mischief So long, and are like to do penance onely for Our own sins; most families are a wedding Behind-hand in the World, which makes So many young men fool'd into Wives to pay Their Fathers debts: All the happiness a Gentleman can desire, is to live at liberty, Till he be forc'd that way to pay his own

*Fre.* Ladies, you know we are not ignorant  
Of the good intentions you have towards  
Us, pray let us treat a little.

*Gat.* I hope you are not in so desperate a  
Condition, as to have a good opinion of  
Marriage, are you?

*Aria.* 'Tis to as little purpose to treat with us  
Of any thing under that, as it is for those kind  
Ladies, that have oblig'd you with a valuable  
Consideration, to challenge the performance of  
Of your promise.

*Sir Oliv.* Well, and how, and how, my dear *Ned*,  
Goes the business between you and these Ladies?  
Are you like to drive a Bargain?

*Cont.* Faith, *Sir Oliv.*, we are about it.  
*Sir Oliv.* And cannot agree, I warrant you; they  
Are for having you take a Lease for life, and you are  
For being Tenants at Will, *Ned*, is it not so?

*Gat.* These Gentlemen have found it so convenient  
Lying in Lodgings, they'll hardly venture on the  
Trouble of taking a house of their own.

*Cont.* A pretty Country-seat, Madam, with a  
Handsome parcel of Land, and other necessities  
Belonging to't, may tempt us; but for a Town-  
Tenement that has but one poor convenience,  
We are resolv'd we'll never deal.

[A noise of Musick without.]

*Sir Oliv.* Hark! my Brother *Jolly's* come home.

*Aria.* Now, Gentlemen, you had best look to  
Your selves, and come to an agreement with us  
Quickly; for I'll lay my life, my Uncle has  
Brought home a couple of fresh Chapmen,  
That will out-bid you.

Enter *Sir Joslin with Musick.*

*Sir Jos.* Hey Boys! *Dance.*

*Sings.*

A Catch and a Glass,

A Fiddle and a Lute,

What more wou'd an honest man have?

Hang your temperate Set,

Who wou'd seem what he's not;

'Tis I am wise, he's but grave.

Sir



Sir *Jos.* What's here? Mr. *Courtal* and Mr. *Freeman*!

Sir *Oliv.* Oh man! here has been the prettiest,  
The luckiest discovery on all sides! We are  
All good Friends again.

Sir *Jos.* Hark you Brother *Cockwood*, I have got  
Madam *Rampant*; *Rake-bell* and she are without.

Sir *Oliv.* Oh Heavens! Dear Brother *Jolly*, send  
Her away immediately, my Lady has such an aversion  
To a naughty Woman, that she will swoon if  
She does but see her.

Sir *Jos.* Faith, I was hard put to't, I wanted a  
Lover, and rather then I would break my old  
Wont, I dress'd up *Rampant* in a Suit I bought  
Of *Rake-bell*; but since this good company's here,

*Enter Rake-bell.*

I'll send her away. My little *Rake-bell*, come  
Hither; you see here are two powerful Rivals;  
Therefore for fear of kicking or a worse disaster,  
Take *Rampant* with you, and be going quickly.

*Rake.* Your humble servant, Sir. *Ex. Rake-bell and Rampant.*

*Court.* You may hereafter spare your self this  
Labor, Sir *Joslin*; Mr. *Freeman* and I have vow'd  
Our selves humble Servants to these Ladies.

*Free.* I hope we shall have your approbation, Sir.

Sir *Jos.* Nay, if you have a mind to commit  
Matrimony, I'll send for a Canonical Sir, shall  
Dispatch you presently.

*Free.* You cannot do better.

*Court.* What think you of taking us in the humor?

Consideration may be your Foe, Ladies.

*Aria.* Come, Gentlemen, I'll make you a fair  
Proposition; since you have made a discovery  
Of our inclinations, my Sister and I will be content  
To admit you in the quality of Servants.

*Gat.* And if after a Months experience of your  
Good behavior, upon serious thoughts, you have  
Courage enough to engage further, we will accept  
Of the challenge, and believe you Men of Honor.

Sir *Jos.* Well spoke i' faith, Girls; and is it  
A match, Boys?

*Court.* If the heart of man be not very deceitful,  
'Tis very likely it may be so.



*Frie.* A Moneth is a tedious time, and will be a Dangerous tryal of our resolutions; but I Hope we shall not repent before Marriage, Whate'er we go after.

*Sir Jos.* How stand matters between you and Your Lady, Brother *Cockwood*? Is there Peace on all sides?

*Sir Oliv.* Perfect concord, Man: I will tell Thee all that has happen'd since I parted from Thee, when we are alone, 'twill make thee laugh Heartily. Never Man was so happy in a Virtuous, and a loving Lady!

*Sir Jos.* Though I have led *Sir Oliver* astray This day or two, I hope you will not exclude me The Act of Oblivion, Madam.

*La. Cock.* The nigh Relation I have to you, And the Respect I know *Sir Oliver* has for you, Makes me forget all that has pass'd, Sir; but pray Be not the occasion of any new transgressions.

*Sent.* I hope, Mr. *Courtial*, since my endeavors To serve you, have ruin'd me in the opinion of My Lady, you will intercede for a reconciliation.

*Court.* Most willingly, Mistress *Sentry* — Faith, Madam, Since things have fallen out so luckily, you must Needs receive your Woman into favor agen.

*La. Cock.* Her crime is unpardonable, Sir.

*Sent.* Upon solemn Protestations, Madam, that The Gentlemens intentions were honorable; And having reason to believe the young Ladies Had no aversion to their inclinations, I was Of opinion I shou'd have been ill natur'd, if I Had not assisted 'em in the removing those Difficulties that delay'd their happiness.

*Sir Oliv.* Come, come, Girl, confess how many Guineys prevail'd upon your easie nature.

*Sent.* Ten, an't please you, Sir.

*Sir Oliv.* 'Slife, a sum able to corrupt an honest Man in office! Faith you must forgive her, My Dear.

*La. Cock.* If it be your pleasure, *Sir Oliver*, I cannot but be obedient.

*Sent.* If *Sir Oliver*, Madam, shou'd ask me to

See

See this Gold, all may be discover'd yet.

*La. Cock.* If he does, I will give thee ten Guineys out of my Cabinet.

*Sent.* I shall take care to put him upon't;  
\*Tis fit, that I who have bore all the blame,  
Shou'd have some reasonable reward for't.

*Court.* I hope, Madam, you will not envy me  
The happiness I am to enjoy with your  
Fair Relation.

*La. Cock.* Your ingenuity and goodness, Sir,  
Have made a perfect atonement for you.

*Court.* Pray, Madam, what was your business  
With Mr. Freeman?

*La. Cock.* Onely to oblige him to endeavor  
Reconciliation between you and Sir *Osborne*;  
For though I was resolv'd never to see your  
Face agen, it was death to me to think  
Your life was in danger.

*Sent.* What a miraculous come off is this,  
Madam!

*La. Cock.* It has made me so truly sensible of  
Those dangers to which an aspiring Lady  
Must daily expose her Honor, that I am  
Resolv'd to give over the great business of  
This Town, and hereafter modestly  
Confine my self to the humble Affairs  
Of my own Family.

*Court.* 'Tis a very pious resolution, Madam,  
And the better to confirm you in it, pray  
Entertain an able Chaplain.

*La. Cock.* Certainly Fortune was never before  
So unkind to the Ambition of a Lady.

*Sir Jos.* Come, Boys, Faith we will have a  
Dance before we go to Bed — Sly-girl and  
Mad-cap, give me your hands, that I may  
Give 'em to these Gentlemen, a Parson shall  
Joyn you ere long, and then you will have  
Authority to dance to some purpose: Brother  
*Cockwood*, take out your Lady, I am for Mistress *Sentry*.

*We'll foot it, and side it, my pretty little Miss,  
And when we are a weary, we'll lie down and kiss.*

Play away, Boys.

*They dance.*

*Court.*

*Court. to Gatty.* Now shall I sleep a little in this bed  
Without you, as I shoud do with you.  
Madam, expectation makes me almost  
As restless as jealousy.

*Free.* Faith, let us dispatch this business.  
Yet I never cou'd find the pleasure of waiting  
For a Dish of Meat, when a man was heartily  
Hungry.

*Gar.* Marrying in this heat wou'd look as ill  
As fighting in your drink.

*Aria.* And be no more a proof of Love,  
Then t'other is of Valor.

*Sir Jos.* Never trouble your heads further;  
Since I perceive you are all agreed on the  
Matter, let me alone to hasten the Ceremony.  
Come, Gentlemen, lead 'em to their Chambers;  
Brother Cockwood, do you show the way  
With your Lady.

Ha Mistress SENTRY!

*Sings.*

*I gave my Love a Green-gown  
I'th' merry Month of May,  
And down she fell as wantonly  
As a Tumbler does at Play.*

Hey Boys, lead away Boys.

*Sir Oliv.* Give me thy hand, my Vertuous, my Dear,  
Henceforwards may our mutual loves increase,  
And when we are a Bed, we'll sign the Peace.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

FINIS

